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Proletarianitis

BY V. F. CALVERTON

HARDLY more than half a dozen years ago, the American literary boys flung away their berets and put on red pants, drank their farewells to Paris and hastened to New York, where a welcome market had opened up for their wares. There, they sang their adieus to Henry L. Mencken, chanted their devotions to Joseph Stalin, and speedily made themselves at home on the Red Bandwagon. It was a glorious moment of catharsis, the like of which they had not known since the Dada days when they had gone in for nothingness in a big way. Of course, those who had never been able to afford the luxury of expatriatism had only their Greenwich Village estheticism and eroticism of which to be purged, or their Christian past in which God had once been a sufficient compensation for an insufficiency of pituitary and thyroid equipment.

Ewing Galloway

WORKERS ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE
From "Eyes on the World" (Simon & Schuster).

And here they came, this new cohort of converts, by literary express, right smack into the revolutionary movement. Convert Express! — the train should have been called which brought them into Union Square station. There is nothing in any movement, be it Catholic, Holy Roller, Swami, or communist, which is worse or more dangerous than a sudden invasion of fresh, fervid, naive converts. Over the ages converts have ruined the best of movements with their undisciplined and unmellowed zeal, and proletarian converts are no better or no worse than converts to every other kind of faith.

It is these converts in the main, not the confirmed regulars in the radical movement, who have developed the infectious disease familiarly known as *proletarianitis*. Coming into the radical movement at a time when orthodoxy was at its worst, these revolutionary parvenus out-orthodoxed the orthodox. Stalin, at the time, having exiled Trotsky and imprisoned 30,000 Trotskyites, had succeeded in outlawing all critical discussion not only in the Soviet Union but also within the ranks of every Communist Party in the world. The name of the man who had written the most striking and creative book on the subject of proletarian literature, Leon Trotsky, was erased from Soviet records, and his book "Literature and Revolution" was banned from publication. From that time on proletarian literature became the handmaiden of Soviet politics, with literary men throughout the communist movement in all parts of the world converted into intellectual errand boys for the Stalin regime.

It was during those days when the literary organization, The Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, known as RAPP, ruled over the work of all communist writers, that this consecrated band of American literary converts shot upon the scene. At the same time that the leading critical intelligences within the communist movement were being steam-rollered out of it, as either Trotskyites or Lovestonites, and when critical courage was more needed in the movement than ever, these converts were ushered into it, hairshirted, knee-humbled, chanting their peccavis before every sign of the hammer and sickle. It was they who carried on the RAPP work in America for the RAPP literary regime in Russia, and who helped give to proletarian literature the unfortunate stamp from which it will take a long time to escape.

Henceforth, American writers were informed that if they were to be writers at all, in the progressive and revolutionary sense of the word, they must follow the Russian pattern, and write in such a style and in such a manner and about such a content as would meet with the approval of the High Councils of RAPP in Moscow. In *International Literature*, the Soviet magazine, then dominated by RAPP-ites, American proletarati were told which writers in America to attack if not which ones to praise—or "let alone."

What these proletarian playboys did not realize, because they had plunged into the movement without any knowledge of its past except that derived from the mutilated and falsified history of it provided by the official party itself, was that proletarian literature was not always a pawn in the hands of bureaucrats. Back in 1925, before the Stalin group had succeeded in imprisoning and exiling most of its opponents, in particular Trotsky, proletarian literature had been discussed and debated as an open issue. At that time the question of whether there could be a proletarian literature or not was far from settled. Stalin settled it for the Russian writers as well as for the American by suppressing all Trotskyist literature and banning from publication Trotsky's book: "Literature and Revolution," which was the book that gave life to the whole controversy.

Trotsky maintained that proletarian literature was impossible because the period of the proletarian dictatorship would prove too brief for the development of a proletarian pattern. Since the object of the proletarian dictatorship was to destroy itself, and to create a classless society, the tendency toward producing a

Next Week

PEOPLING THE AMERICAN PAST
By ALLAN NEVINS
A review of "The Dictionary of American Biography."

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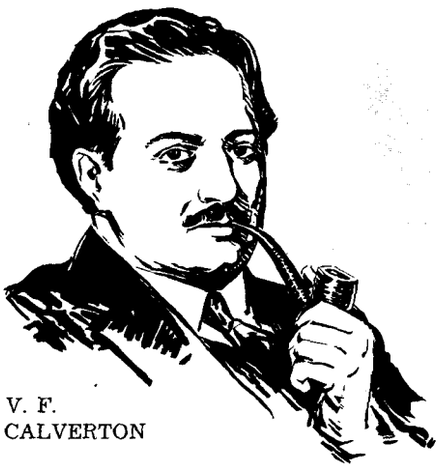
proletarian literature, Trotsky asserted, would weaken instead of advance with the years.

Prior to the suppression of Trotskyist ideas, the problem as to whether Trotsky was right or wrong in his contention was widely discussed in communist newspapers in various parts of the world as well as in the Soviet Union. In the United States, for instance, in those days when the literary boys were bothered with their glands or other people's complexes, or were rediscovering paradise in Montmartre, *The Daily Worker* hailed Trotsky's book as a monumental event and vociferously defended his argument that the concept of proletarian literature was a contradiction in terms. There was, in those days, a free participation in literary enterprise, creative and critical. Politicians did not dictate to literary men, and literary men did not dictate to politicians. After Trotskyism was beaten down, however, and Trotsky's book was put on the Index Expurgatorius of Stalin, all discussion of the issue ceased. The literary line along with the political line changed. *The Daily Worker* now denounced Trotsky and all his theories, including his literary ones, as counter-revolutionary, and, cringing before Stalin's whip, whooped up proletarian literature in a big way.

By the time the literary boys, after the apocalyptic impact of the depression, had caught up to what was going on inside the radical movement, the new line had been so firmly established that most of them never had an opportunity to hear of Trotsky's book. Even those who did hear clandestinely of it, heard about it in such a way that when they tried to read it, it was only to denounce it. Proletarian literature, by that time, could no longer be debated; it was superimposed.

It is important to bear that background in mind if we are to understand what happened to proletarian literature in the United States, for proletarian literature in this country has been little more, so far as the official proletarian movement is concerned, which means the communist movement, than a copy, albeit a blurred carbon copy, of what has happened in Soviet Russia under Stalin's hegemony.

The point of this article is not that Trotsky was correct in his thesis—the present author back in 1925, criticized Trotsky's argument, when the official communist movement, then following a different line, was raising a hullabaloo in favor of Trotsky's position—but that the suppression of all defense of his thesis, the banning of his book in Soviet Russia and the refusal to give it its due in America after the ban had been placed upon it, was destructive of the very values which are the *sine qua non* of criticism under any guise, proletarian, bourgeois, or aristocratic. A good illustration of how far the effects of that literary terrorism extends is to be seen in a recent book of James T. Farrell: "A Note on Literary Criticism." Mr. Farrell makes a bold attack on most of the Stalinist critics, but nowhere in his book does he venture to allude to Trotsky's "Literature and Revolution." Either Mr. Farrell, who has covered so much ground in the field, is unaware of the existence of Trotsky's book, which seems highly improbable, or



V. F. CALVERTON

he, too, like his opponents, the Stalinists, at that time was afraid to mention Trotsky's name, lest the reference jeopardize his standing among the sacrosanct. Since that time he has shifted his political orientation, and no doubt today regrets the omission.

When it became impossible to defend Trotsky's position, or rather when the Communist Party decided, for political reasons, that it was treason to defend Trotsky's position in literature as well as in politics, proletarian criticism, so-called, was washed up in so far as literary intelligence or social vision was concerned—and it has been in that state ever since.

The condemnation of the literary converts in this country is not so much for their naive stand in the field of politics, in which they are still spluttering neophytes, but for their stand in literature, where at least they all have had some experience, and should have known better than to sell out their intelligence and integrity to a band of power-seeking bureaucrats. While their lack of experience might account for their inability to recognize the importance of fighting the development of a political bureaucracy, it cannot excuse their acceptance of the development of a literary bureaucracy. The suppression of literary ideas, whether those of a Trotsky or anyone else, is something that is just as indefensible from a literary point of view as from a political, and no proletarian literature or proletarian criticism of a vital sort can flourish where such suppression prevails.

In that connection, it is interesting to note that one of the results of that suppression can be seen in the steady shift of intellectuals from the Stalinist to the Socialist camp in the last three or four years — men like James Rorty, Sidney Hook, Charles Yale Harrison, Louis Hacker, and within the last few months James T. Farrell. To date, however, nothing has done so much damage to Stalinist suppressionism as the recent Trotskyist executions, which not only have made the proleterati pause and question, but which also have made the best supporters of Stalinism wonder where such suppressionism and terrorism will finally end.

At this point it is necessary to warn the reader against misconstruing the preceding sections of this article as an argument against proletarian literature. It is the contention of the author—who in 1925, in "The Newer Spirit," foretold the development of proletarian literature in this country—that proletarian literature undoubtedly will develop in time in every industrial country, but that it can be a healthy development only when it is a natural, irrepressible outgrowth of a free and spontaneous relationship between the artist and his environment. When, as in the United States, it is forced out of social context, or twisted to fit an artificial foreign pattern, which is a product of dictation rather than deliberation, it is bound to give birth not to proletarian literature but to *proletarianitis*.

Our first consideration here should be with what proletarian literature is and what it is not. In the first place, it should be made clear that proletarian literature is more than literature which deals with proletarians. Proletarian literature can be written about aristocrats and still be proletarian. It is a common error to confuse working class literature with proletarian literature. Charles Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, and George Eliot, and, to descend the scale, even our own Horatio Alger, wrote novels about proletarians, but their fiction has no more to do with proletarian literature than the crocodile tears of a Chatauquan tragedian with genuine tragedy. Proletarian literature is literature which is dominated by a dynamic revolutionary idea, and inspired by a collective purpose. Its proletarianness depends not upon its characters and situations, but upon how the author handles and interprets its characters and situations. If within the structure of its materials and the scope of its purpose, it embodies a belief in the working class as the dominant class of tomorrow and the maker of the future, it is proletarian. If, on the other hand, it deals with the working class but without such a conception of its role in society, it may be good but it will not be proletarian literature.

Proletarian literature, it should be obvious by now, is a descriptive category and not an esthetic one.

A common mistake is to believe that

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Woman of the Renaissance

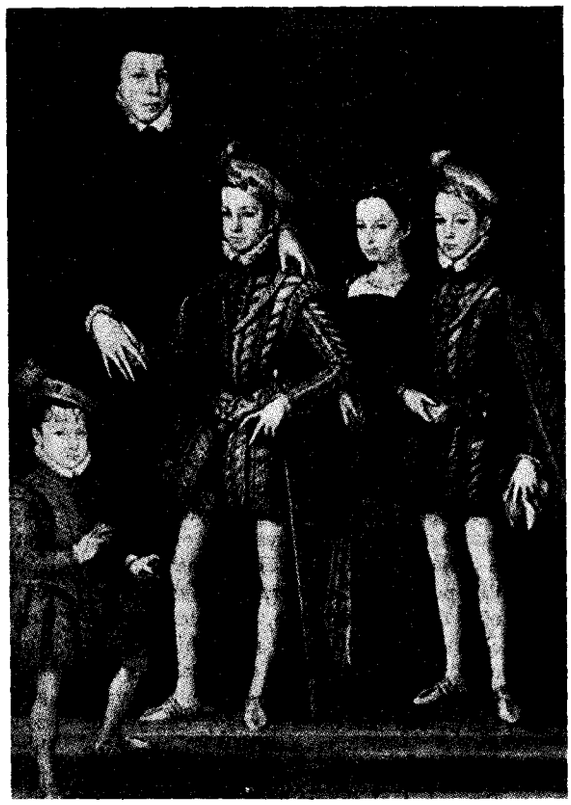
CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND THE LOST REVOLUTION. By Ralph Roeder. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

"THE Man of the Renaissance" established Ralph Roeder in the front rank of popular historians. The success of that book was heartening because it made so few concessions to the supposed popular taste in histories of that period: instead of a melodrama of lust and poison, food for the fantasies of Miniver Cheevys, it offered an interpretation of the Italian Renaissance in terms of the impact of its changing conditions and ideas upon outstanding persons in different fields. The intelligence and seriousness of the effort, the gifts of synthesis and condensation it displayed, and its frequent flashes of wisdom more than compensated for occasional hasty judgments and even those showed no intention of sacrificing truth to readability. Yet there were few books that year more readable. Critics and public hailed one more writer capable of closing the gap between the scholar and the vulgarizer. They were not mistaken. This new book, avowedly popular in intention and destined, one hopes, to be so in fact, approaches the harder task of interpreting the crucial years of the French wars of religion without sensationalism, with a soberer judgment, a finer sense of proportion and better command of the sources than before, and with no slackening of former power.

The long paroxysm of dissolution which overtook French society after the Hapsburg-Valois wars has, perhaps, been even more written about than the Italian Renaissance, and is, certainly, even less understood. Mr. Roeder must have found it more difficult to present. In "The Man of the Renaissance," four or five overlapping biographies carried the thread of the story and furnished its commentary. But the French crisis dwarfed individuals. In that chaos of contending forces, human figures seem only jerkily galvanized puppets. Nobody understood what was going on, and the only intact personalities were those like Montaigne who stood aside. Least of all could someone like Catherine de' Medici, negative, commonplace, doubly isolated by her foreign birth and her maternal preoccupations, stand adequately for her age. But the obsession of the time was politics, and though she neither grasped nor guided its elements, the political turmoil long beat about Catherine's head. She was the one fixed point at the vortex of the whirlwind; a historian bent on following a biographical clue through her period could hardly choose any life but hers.

Catherine first became conspicuous in the gathering storm. For her first forty years she had been merely a female of a princely house, a pawn of the Medici popes, the neglected wife of a king of France, outshone by a brilliant mistress, condescended to as the daughter of foreign tradesmen, and acquiescent in obscurity, without, as far as anybody knew, charm or taste, intellect or ambitions. When, in 1559, her husband died, leaving her a brood of feeble children and a kingdom defeated, ruined, and disintegrating, she still tried to efface herself. But the nobles who seized power shortly brought the state near shipwreck, and when her eldest son died, Catherine took the helm. She was no genius at statecraft, and it is doubtful whether the greatest genius in so equivocal a position could have done much. What tireless devotion to the interests of her children, shrewd common sense, and patient tact could help to do, Catherine did. For a time it seemed that she might rule France, and, since she was tolerant, level-headed, and peaceable, it would have been better had she succeeded. The violence of factions, however, tore the realm from her hands, and thereafter it was all she could do to keep herself and her dwindling family afloat on the wreckage. Events passed more and more out of her control, driving her to desperate shifts, finally to the crime of St. Bartholomew's, and thereafter to an aimless drifting, like one who treads water out of sight of land. So passive a life cannot be a very moving story. Mr. Roeder achieves the best full-length study of Catherine in English, perhaps in any language; he gives her full credit for her attempt at toleration in the 1560's when power was in her hands; he frees her character from the distortion imposed by partisan caricature, makes it coherent, credible, human. But he cannot make her interesting.



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND HER CHILDREN: *The Duc D'Alençon, Charles IX of France, Marguerite of Valois, and the Duc D'Anjou. Painting by Clouet.*

He does not seek to. His attention and the reader's interest are fixed on the breaking up of French feudal society by the rise of capitalism, and on the consequent deep unrest, exacerbated by bankruptcy and humiliation after the struggle with Spain, and finally canalized in the hysterical violence of the religious wars. The necessary conditions of a real social revolution seemed to exist, and many of the symptoms appeared. But the Protestants, the natural party of the middle class, allowed themselves to be diverted by the nobles who joined them, and estranged from the mass of their countrymen. For a time it seemed that the Catholic League, which began in violent reaction, might continue the movement the Protestants had abandoned. But foreign influence and aristocratic intrigue proved as fatal to the League as loyalty to the crown was to the Protestants. Above all, there was no coherent program of change; the party leaders were incapable of conceiving a substitute for the social order which their followers found intolerable, and the revolution to which the Day of the Barricades in Paris and the States General of 1589 seemed to point had to wait two hundred years. Mr. Roeder's analysis of this "lost revolution" is based firmly on the best modern French scholarship, the results of which have so far been only partially available in English, and never before in such readable form. He controls the European sweep of his rapid narrative with easy dexterity; his estimates of the leading characters are witty, sensible, sometimes profound, his descriptive touches vivid and surely placed, his picture of confusion never confused. His brilliant summary fulfills the first duty of history: to make past actions better known, that men may know more about the future.

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The Dazzling Ballet

BALLET PROFILE. By Irving Deakin. New York: Dodge Publishing Company. 1936. $3.50.

THE BIRTH OF BALLETS-RUSSES. By Prince Peter Lieven. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $4.

THE DIARY OF VASLAV NIJINSKY. Edited by Romola Nijinsky. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN view of the most recent triumphal tour of Colonel W. de Basil's Monte Carlo Ballet, it is interesting to note America's concern with this beautiful and highly decorative form of entertainment as reflected in the number of books on the subject now published in this country. Ballet is, of course, more than mere decoration. It is a strict and demanding art, one that has already undergone great changes and is still in process of development. It is interpretative dancing in its highest sense, founded upon rigorous training and discipline, the fruit of which is perfect coördination and ease of movement. In the older Russia, at one time, it faced the danger of crystallizing into a sterile formalism. But the modern Russian ballet broke away over a quarter of a century ago from the old Imperial Russian Ballet. It experienced then its own interior revolution.

Ballet history is starred with the names of great technicians and of several positive geniuses. It has drawn on the work of the greatest composers, and its choreography has been a constantly developing art—though as yet, unfortunately, with no system of notation. For the design of its spectacle, ballet can boast the names of Alexandre Benois and Léon Bakst; and it is, of course, tremendously indebted for its development to one extraordinary organizing personality, Serge Diaghileff. It is also indebted—antagonistic as were her own ideas to the technical foundation and strict bodily discipline of ballet—to a great American, Isadora Duncan, who opened the eyes of Michel Fokine to the use of great music with great dancing.

NIJINSKY

I have been quoting, more or less, from the first of the books before me, Mr. Irving Deakin's "Ballet Profile," a volume exhilaratingly written in a somewhat headlong and careless style, but packed with information, brilliant in its portraiture, and, in spite of its enthusiasm, constantly analytical. The author has also written a comprehensive primer and guide-book, "To the Ballet."

PAVLOVA

"As ballet developed," says Mr. Deakin, "dancing was no longer the be-all, end-all. For ballet developed into choreographic drama; and drama calls for actors. And the chief resource of the balletic actor is mime." He is speaking, in this passage, of the great individual genius of Anna Pavlova, of whom he declares, "the completely unearthly quality of Pavlova's second act of 'Giselle' is absolutely unapproachable." Here the average person will probably say, "Oh, yes, of course, Pavlova!" A little later on he may say, "Oh, yes, of course, Nijinsky!" But what of the early Kchessinska and the great Tamara Karsavina—what of Mordkin, Fokine, Massine, Bolm, Lifar, and so many others? The great thing that Mr. Deakin's book can do for the average person is to open wide his eyes to the full and amazing array of artists down from the days of the ladies of the Maryinsky Theatre to a present adorned by such *ballerine* of the de Basil Monte Carlo Company as Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, and Riabouchinska. The great modern male dancer and choreographer is, of course, Léonide Massine. A reader of this volume will assimilate, through a method specializing in portraits of personalities, a remarkable historical panorama of the development of ballet. He will also find certain facts of which he is probably not aware. Certainly, for instance, no one could pay a higher tribute to the great Anna Pavlovna Pavlova than Mr. Deakin does, but he makes no bones at all about saying that she almost invariably associated herself with the mediocre and that "her music and musical taste were little short of execrable." So with his mixed appreciation and criticism of modern dancers. It is always honest.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to give an idea of the range of this book—of the detailed description of the birth, growth, and continuation of the New Order; of the many vivid portraits; of the measured analysis of the ballet in America, England, and upon the Continent. All ballets of any importance are touched upon, and appended to a remarkably full book is a list of the best available recordings of ballet music, as well as a complete index.

Prince Lieven purposely centers his book upon the great artistic personality of Alexandre Benois, and begins with the early group that included both Benois and Bakst. His is also a fascinating history. He is possessed of a fund of anecdote concerning the older days that is, naturally, not a possession of the younger Mr. Deakin. Take for example, the case of Virginia Zucchi, who came to St. Petersburg in 1885. Mr. Deakin tells us clearly and succinctly of her importance; but though Prince Lieven himself did not see her dance he relates the colorful episode of Prince Vassilchikov presenting her with the famous "Kachinski" diamonds. Rather more important, indeed, is his record of Benois's own words concerning her. These things are mentioned to illustrate the gossipy flavor of the Prince's writing. He admits that when he heard Toumanova refer to "Les Sylphides" and "Petrushka" as "classics" he "suddenly felt very old . . . to me they still are revolutionary ballet."

These two books excellently supplement one another. Mr. Deakin is of today and a friend of all those who are today making ballet vital. The Prince is of yesterday, thoroughly acquainted with the whole history of the Diaghileff Ballets-Russes, and his pages are permeated with the knowledge, reminiscence, and opinions of Benois. In both books, naturally, the extraordinary career of that eighth wonder of the world, Vaslav Nijinsky, and his well-known relationship with Diaghileff, is given its proper importance. The whole matter is treated with the necessary frankness but without offense

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in either case. Which now brings me to Nijinsky's own diary, edited by his wife. For nearly a score of years the world's greatest male dancer has been confined in a sanatarium at Kreuglingen, Switzerland. A strange light indeed shines from this diary. It is an intensely tragic document. From it emerge such poignant broken utterances as "My madness is my love towards mankind . . . The mind is stupidity but wisdom is God . . . my pulse is like an earthquake . . . I am a clown of God . . . the soul is a dove, in God . . . the fire inside me does not go out . . . my soul is weeping." Then there are his drawings and strange designs. It is as though some flame-haired athletic figure of William Blake's were speaking. It is deeply moving to read.

Prince Lieven elaborates more than Mr. Deakin the theory that Nijinsky's extraordinary physical gifts were due to circus lineage, to generations of acrobats among his ancestors. The law of gravitation, in his astounding leaps, seemed abrogated. Also, his dramatic gift was great. Prince Lieven says:

> Was he always preoccupied with his art? I do not think so. I think rather that outside his work and off the stage he simply did not exist. There was something vague, childish, and even absurd about him; it seemed that if you took him by the hand and led him somewhere he would follow without asking where and why he was being taken.

What a mortal mystery! And what greater tragedy has ever come into the history of any art?

A Year in the Balkans

DRUMS IN THE BALKAN NIGHT. By John I. B. McCulloch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.

THIS lively book, warmly written with much humor and common sense, is an account of a year spent in the Balkans by the author and his wife. The McCullochs were on their honeymoon, and they decided that Greece, Albania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Turkey were the places to see. The narrative opens in the informal citadel of that part of Europe, the bar of the Hotel Grande Bretagne in Athens, and continues casually through the coffee houses, government offices, peasant homes, roadsides, palaces, and railway stations of the Balkan countries.

Most of the book is impressionistic travel reporting of a definitely superior kind—the style is admirable—but there is considerable attention to politics too. The authors saw and interviewed most of the public personages of the region, including Venizelos, Queen Marie of Rumania, and King Boris of Bulgaria. The last chapter is a detailed survey, perhaps a bit naive in places, of contemporary Balkan problems. Mr. McCulloch is comprehensively pro-Balkan, and doesn't take sides among his favorites.

Youth in Quest of Its Future

THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

A GREAT many highly intelligent people, like the Messers Chase, Keynes, and Warburg, worry about money for us. Josephine Lawrence's literary preoccupation is worrying about money, too. But she worries in highly readable novels, not in handbooks, and she worries in the same terms as we do, not in fine abstractions. If she reaches no special conclusion about what's to be done about it, why, neither do the social economists. And, again, her lack of solutions is much like our own lack. She is a sympathetic realist, perfectly aware that though two apples and two apples

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

do inexorably add up to four apples, almost everybody has to pretend that next month, at the latest, a celestial sleight of hand will intervene for us and make the sum a comfortable six.

"If I Have Four Apples" seemed to me an extraordinary book—I still think it should be required reading for every woman, and every high school pupil, in the country. "The Sound of Running Feet" is somehow less vigorous, but indisputably it is very moving. The feet in the title are those feet of the young men romanticized by Rudyard Kipling. But here is no blithe stepping out into spring mornings. Rather, the feet make a quick endless shuffle on pavements, pressing the older feet, which are just ahead, waiting like wolves for some ancient of fifty to drop, from sheer exhaustion, out of the job ranks, and give youth "a chance." And the ancients, panic-stricken, breathless, and weary, snarl over frightened shoulders their own necessity to live.

The story is placed in a small real estate firm, which has barely kept its head honorably above the flood of the depression. To the employees the brothers who head the firm are Bloated Capitalism. To themselves they are two harried, middle-aged men with financial burdens all but too heavy to bear. Two or three of the office force have been in their jobs twenty years or more. Two or three of them are young, new to the firm, new to any jobs, batting their poor impassioned young heads against the horrid solidity of the venerable fact that there are not, in this or any other world, enough jobs and money to go around.

There are a dozen characters who come to permanent, touching life in the book. Miss Lawrence is deft, and knows what she is talking about. And she does not, by and large, admire women. "Women have killed good workmanship. Everything that's done is turned out to satisfy the question, 'Will it show?'" . . . And, of Johnny Palmet's wife, "Artificial, overdressed, without tenderness or sympathy, she was fated to desire the wrong things, to shop for poor values."

Miss Lawrence plainly believes that the cancer of shoddiness is eating America, that the lack of ideals, goals, education, and guts is what makes the lack of money the evil thing it is. She is not comforting. But she does not sneer. "The Sound of Running Feet" is compassionate and hopeless.

Victorian Cinderella

PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Lady Eleanor Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $2.50.

THE author of this romantic novel has relied upon a tried and tested recipe to tug at the heartstrings of the lending library public again. This time it is the one about the poor but ravishingly beautiful young actress who is married à la Cinderella to the elderly and immensely rich Marquess. As Lady Eleanor is something of a specialist in gypsy characters, the inevitable young lover who turns up later in the story is given Romany antecedents. Less conventionally, also, the heroine does not run away with him, but flees alone to Seville (the blurb to the contrary notwithstanding) where at length she is rejoined by her noble husband.

In spite of improbabilities, it may be said at once that the author succeeds in breathing a surprising amount of life into this tale. Always readable, it becomes at times thoroughly moving and believable, and the characters are always charmingly presented. The Victorian theatrical episodes of the beginning of Medora's career, with their echoes of "Broome Stages," are less of an achievement than the fresh and poignant scenes in which she encounters the gypsy Gilderoy so briefly and decisively. On the whole, a very pleasant story capably told.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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How to Be a Publisher (1)

JUNIOR'S scooter and the bathroom scales are now streamlined to reduce air resistance. Such extremities of styling remind the realistic that American industry has not yet succeeded in producing a fountain pen that writes as well as a steel pen, a dress stud that will perform the duties it is charged with, or even a pair of shorts that can be worn with comfort. Nevertheless they reflect a process which has altered many of the circumstances of our daily life and has unobtrusively brought about a great increase in convenience. From gas ranges that can be cleaned easily to bathroom lights that facilitate shaving, from file drawers that operate on ball bearings to typewriters that have their entrails protected from dust, from living-room chairs to carbon papers, our houses and offices are filled with products superior to those of twenty years ago because they are more intelligently designed. Manufacturers have investigated every possibility that promised improvement, and in particular they have labored to cut down weight. The pan in which your breakfast egg is fried and the steering wheel of your automobile are a good deal lighter than they were ten years ago, and so are thousands of other products of industry.

Lightness of material, economy and simplicity of design, convenience of use, and sensible adaptation of the product to its function characterize production nearly everywhere. But in the twenty years during which this trend has been accelerating, the printed book shows no such progress. The means of producing it have enormously improved. The modern printer has at his disposal processes more sensitive, more flexible and versatile, and more subject to control than he had even ten years ago—and in the reproduction of illustrations, processes superior to those of even two years ago. If you follow "Penrose's Annual" and similar reports, you are aware of a continuous advance in mechanical efficiency, economy, and excellence. Meanwhile libraries and other uncommercial users of books are developing processes that supplement and amplify the conventional ones of printing. So far as the mechanics of the job are concerned, any conceivable end may now be achieved. Books do not have to be bound in cloth or boards, they do not have to be bound at all, they do not have to be printed on paper, they do not, in fact, even have to be printed. Any effect that a vigorous imagination may set itself is easily within the means of modern technology. But publishers take no advantage of technology. The only experiments they will permit the designer are concerned with type faces and the arrangement of type on the page, and he would be an optimistic soul who asserted that any essential improvement is discoverable in either.

Meanwhile—to confine this discussion to one point—publishers are developing among their customers an affliction similar to writer's cramp and much more threatening to their business: reader's elbow, forearm, and thumb. Publishers are cynical fellows who, sharing the emotions of liberal editors, believe that the people are fools. Firmly fixed in the ideas of all of them except those who brought out the two books is a belief that the principal reason for the success of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind" is their weight in pounds avoirdupois. And even those two happy firms share that naiveté so far that, the next time they get hold of a good story that happens also to be a long one, they will not dream of bringing it out in two volumes, in paper parts, or on thin paper. Suggest to any publisher in America that he bring out a big book in a light format, and he will tell you that the public won't stand for it. When the public pays three dollars for a book, he informs you, the public wants mass. The public knows a book is good if it can see that it weighs three pounds. The public knows that it is getting its money's worth if its arm cramps, carrying it home. The public judges a book by size and weight, demanding big books for big money. . . . Also, if you believe publishers, the public will not buy books because it has no room for them in the modern apartment.

Apprentices to the publishing business acquire this notion as one of the indispensable preliminaries before setting up for themselves. It is, of course, sheer delusion. The publishers do not know what the public wants, what it will take, or what can be forced on it. If they knew, they would publish nothing but best sellers. Sit down with any publisher on the morning when his fall announcement comes from the press and ask him to forecast the sale of the books it lists, individually and in bulk. Jot down his figures and then compare them with his ledgers at the end of the season.

Remember also that most publishers believe a novel must not be bound in blue, saying that the public will boycott blue novels though it will rush to buy blue travel books. The neophobia which publishers attribute to the public is precisely the same kind of moonshine. Manufacturers of automobiles hold exactly the opposite delusion and endow the public with neomania, claiming that it will not buy this year's cars unless they look radically unlike last year's. Meanwhile a concept that has inspired certain other businesses, that of leadership on behalf of a public wailing to be led toward the light, has so far not troubled the slumber of publishers, who will devote thousands of hours to making the type line the right length for the human eye but will do nothing whatever for the human wrist.

If you back a publisher into a corner of his office and make him consider the problem of weight more closely, he will agree that something ought to be done but will plead his helplessness. The experiment with paper-bound books failed, he will point out—though it was tried half-heartedly, with unimportant books, and especially with books that were not out-size anyway. He cannot get light paper, he informs you. British and French publishers can get it and they bring out long books at half their American weight. But that is (a) cheap paper or (b) expensive paper and the American public won't stand for it—the experiment never having been tried. Or American manufacturers don't make a satisfactory light paper. Well, the orders of American publishers are big enough to force the paper industry to meet any specifications whatever, or, if that industry is lethargic, the Duponts or the Aluminum Company of America would be happy to investigate so promising a market. Here the publisher retires on his earliest declaration: the public won't stand for innovation.

How does he know? Why doesn't he try? He is willing to lose money publishing bad imitations of successful good books—why not risk a loss to make a fortune? Long books weigh too much and, instead of getting lighter, are getting heavier; and the publisher who brings one out models it on the unabridged dictionary rather than the pocket Bible. Vacuum cleaners are manufactured in terms of twentieth century materials and processes, but the three-decker novel has lapsed beyond Victorianism and is brought out in a single deck.

Suggested procedure: the manufacturer of any other product calls in a designer, sets out the specifications he has in mind, and tells him to go ahead. Prophecy: some day a publisher will call in a designer, show him a manuscript that would weigh four pounds if printed in the ordinary way, and tell him to make a book of it that does not weigh more than sixteen ounces. Further prophecy: whether it comes out on duralumin sheets, in a cellophane roll, or in the format of a Japanese fan, it will sell five million copies. Still further prophecy: publishers will then unanimously decide that that is the only kind of book the public will buy.

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Letters to the Editor: *Arnold's "Civilization in the United States"*

Gone with the Wind

SIR:—You are doubtless aware that Messrs. Macmillan & Company are in a manner the sole custodians of the never-to-be-enough admired Matthew Arnold's immortality, that they are the only surviving publishers of his "collected works."

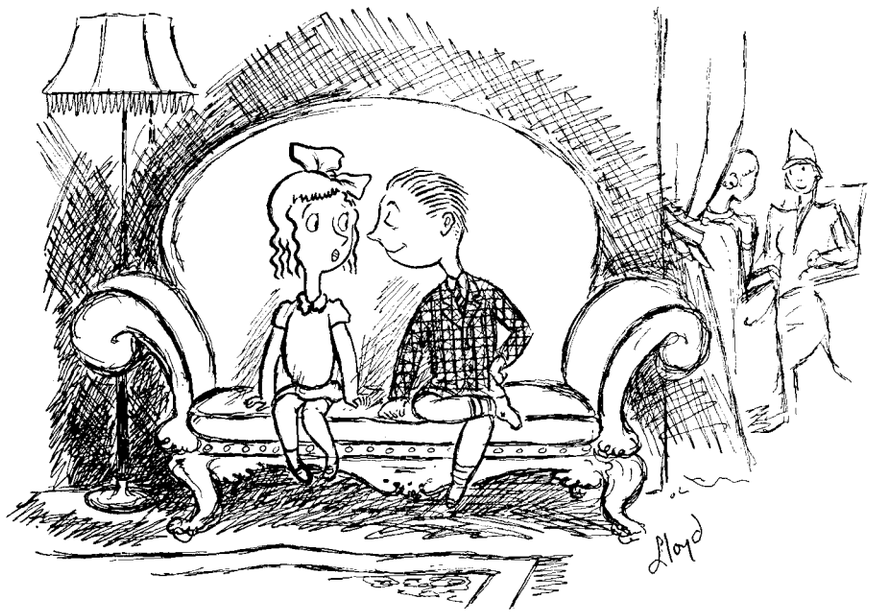
And the other day, in examining a detailed list of their Matthew Arnold productions, I was astonished to observe that it does not contain that singularly luminous gem of the master, "Civilization in the United States." Surely the world is not willing to let die a work of this force and magnitude, of this classic urbanity and eternal usefulness!

To those of us who were reared with "Civilization in the United States" in the little cabin bookcase this would be an appalling loss. How the very chapter-heads are redolent of our carefree and heedless nonage! "A Word About America," "A Word More about America," "Civilization in the United States." Well, sir, Columbus himself would have felt honored, titillated. Then the particular jewels—that gem quoted from the New York *Nation*, "Miss Bird and the Chalmers family," "Colonel Higginson's 'One more drop of nervous fluid'," "an elegant and simple social order," "the most common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world," "Wales says, Mary is a darling," "We have seen him arrive," and dozens more of graphic and inimitable touches and word-pictures which, once they have got into your blood, stay there, take hold, and work wonders.

From a lifetime's acquaintance with this corrective little volume I can testify to its efficacy (with prayer) in almost any variety of painful and embarrassing New World mental or cultural strabismus. And then the pleasant incidents connected with its treasured possession throughout the years! I once had a housekeeper, a young woman of unblemished mind and parts, who was determined to get rid, in a big way, as the current elegance of expression has it, of her profound insularity. We determined that a study of "Civilization in the United States" would help. The plan was to have her read a little of it to me each day during the intervals of her more serious occupations. You recall how the book opens, "Mr. Lowell, in an interesting but rather tart essay, 'On a certain Condescension in Foreigners'," etc. Her verbal version was "On a certain *Condensation* in Foreigners." And sometimes even now when I take up the volume, I whimsically ponder, with the mellowed retrospect of years, which would be more satisfying.

Surely, Mr. Editor, there must be some alert and public-spirited publishers who read your valuable review. Perhaps one of them will take heart of grace on seeing this, and give us a new edition of "Civilization in the United States," long since, it seems, out of print, but cherished, and reposing on certain bookshelves as a lasting testimony to the elegant liberality and enlightenment of Messrs. Cupples and Hurd of Boston, Publishers, now, alas, defunct!

FRANCIS SULLIVAN.
Los Angeles, Calif.



"I'VE GOTTEN SOME RATHER AMUSING IDEAS FROM *ESQUIRE!*"

An Extraordinary Error

SIR:—In reviews of A. E. Housman's "More Poems," I have seen reference to the curious discrepancy in the printing of the name of the artist who drew the frontispiece of the author—Francis Todd on the picture itself, and Francis Dodd on page X.

I have not seen any review, however, which has noted the extraordinary error which occurs in connection with the poem which appears on page 37 and is numbered XXIV. The first line of the poem itself reads "Stone, steel, dominions pass," but when this line is listed in the table of Contents, page XII, it reads "Stone, steel, and kingdoms pass."

I wonder what this means. Is this just a mistake, or does it record a variant reading?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
New York City.

Not About Hindenburg

SIR:—I was waiting for someone to correct an error in the review of "Wooden Titan" in your issue of November 14. It seems only fair to the author of that book to state that the quotation: "Too late did he awake to realization," etc. was not about Von Hindenburg at all. It is found on p. 437, and gives an accurate description of the feelings of Papen, but it would be entirely unfair to give the impression that the author thought it could be truly said of Von Hindenburg.

J. EDGAR PARK.
Norton, Mass.

Utah Takes Exception

SIR:—I, too, "have a great respect for your opinion"—save on things Utah. Will you never shuck your silly prejudice? Or, if you insist on blobbing out the side of your face with your gifted tongue, make it more obvious. That much by way of general comment.

And now to the particular: what in blazes is a librarian to do when between the devil of the freedom-shouters and the deep sea of the respectable tax-payer? Have your ever been a librarian?

LEAH R. FRISBY,
Reference Librarian
University of Utah,
Salt Lake City.

A Listening Fox

SIR:—Had Thoreau made the drawing for the spirited and beautiful painting by N. C. Wyeth on page 4 of the *Review* for December 26 he would have elevated the right forefoot of the fox. A predatory animal intent upon listening elevates not only the ears but also a front foot in order to increase tension of the ear drum, making it more receptive for light sounds.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.
Stamford, Conn.

What Was the Date?

SIR:—I wonder if any of your readers know whether there are available anywhere copies of the Prospectus of *Stylus* which was the magazine Edgar Allan Poe spent his last years trying to establish? I understand that one was published by Dr. T. H. Chivers, as Editor. But was that one published before, or after the death of E. A. P.? Who can say?

JOHN G. MOORE.
Hollywood, Calif.

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The World His Garden

THE HUMAN COMEDY. By James Harvey Robinson. With an Introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE Victorians were more honest. Eighty years ago this book would have appeared as "The Remains of James Harvey Robinson." It is a collection of essays and fragments assembled by Dr. Barnes and forced into a rough chronological unity. Just how much editorial work was necessary is not clear from Dr. Barnes's introduction, but there must have been a good deal. Dr. Barnes himself confesses that he has had in some few places to "fill in certain gaps or to enlarge upon brilliant fragments." His veneration for the master is well known, however, and the frequent awkward sentences, abrupt transitions, and clumsy figures are no doubt the result of this veneration, which has retained what Robinson, had he lived, would probably have altered greatly.

As it stands, "The Human Comedy" is hardly more than a repetition and partial expansion of material already in print in "The Mind in the Making" and in "The New History." If, as Dr. Barnes asserts in his introduction, James Harvey Robinson had since the earlier books were published "gone on reflecting in a more profound and original fashion than ever before upon the drama of mankind" there is little in this book to show it. Occasional flashes of the old Robinson, touches of the Voltairean wit his students knew—and often dreaded—light up long stretches of improving prose which might almost have appeared in Dr. Barnes's column in the *World-Telegram*. Substantially this latest volume is a running commentary on "The Mind in the Making," with bulges in directions dictated by Robinson's more recent interests, or by the exigencies of a commission from a periodical—the implications for social science of twentieth century natural science, the promise of adult education, the menace of post-war nationalism, the possibility of discerning historical "laws."

This is not then by any means the best of Robinson, but it was probably worth saving, if only to bring again before the public one of the most important historians of the last generation. Robinson never produced, as Turner did, one of those grand generalizations which open new worlds of study. Nor did he ever achieve a many-volumed history of his own, or even an imposing accumulation of monographs. He did not quite invent social and intellectual history, which may be said in a sense to go back to Herodotus. But more than any other academic historian in America, he helped bring before the public—and especially before the secondary school teachers, so important in the diffusion of culture in America—the kind of interest in the whole fabric of our past which has brought history to life again after the oratorical historians had about written it out. Robinson was, like the Wells he goes out of his way so often to praise, almost too receptive of new ideas, too ready to follow all sorts of leads, especially from the semi-sciences of psychology and sociology. His latest enthusiasm, often reflected in "The Human Comedy," was biology. He seemed to find solace in the wrigglings of tiny one-celled creatures, so purposeful and yet so untroubled.

For in this even more than in earlier works, there are overtones of despair. Robinson was always conscious of the stupidities and cruelties of human life. He had studied sympathetically those ethical patterns in which men have eliminated stupidity and cruelty, but he was aware that in the past neither reason nor eloquence has availed to impose those patterns on men's actions. He had absorbed the "anti-intellectualism" of the pre-war years—indeed, he was one of the first to introduce Pareto the sociologist into America. He knew men couldn't suddenly be made over, knew that even revolutions stop well short of that high, clear place he saw ahead. The mind, he felt, had hitherto done little enough to describe clearly the mess men were in; it hadn't done a thing to clean up the mess. Yet Robinson, who worked so hard to destroy Christian miracles, wanted very much to believe in a supreme miracle—the immediate triumph of mind on this earth. What is sometimes called his Voltairean wit is the spark that flies between these poles of idealistic striving and realistic observation. But Robinson, except perhaps when poking about the microscopes at Woods Hole, never quite attained the wisdom Candide bought so dear. The world remained his garden, and it wanted so much more than cultivating!

Louis XV Watches

By THEDA KENYON

YOU flaunted your worth, and the exquisite way you were wrought
With enamel and jewels, and intricate, strangely shaped cases.
You knew no closed door: you seemed powerful, your myriad graces
Adorning the Cardinal's quean, or the favorite at Court;
And watching you, no one imagined how madly you sought
To escape from your bondage: your duty was marking the paces
Of time—, the relentless and stern,—and your gay little faces
Were bribed—with enamel and gems!—to reflect what they *ought*.
But here, time is the slave, and his aeons bereft of their power:
You are turned rebel—you glitter, triumphant and gay,
Stubbornly holding your hands at some long-perished hour,
And making your very rebellion a brittle display!
I see you, and sighing hurry on: time still sets me my task,
And I still cloak my slavery under an intricate mask!

Tracking a Poet

A WALK AFTER JOHN KEATS. By Nelson S. Bushnell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

MR. BUSHNELL has done what many of us have only thought of doing and would never have carried out with anything like his resolution, thoroughness, and gusto. He set out to follow the route Keats and Charles Brown took in their northern walking-tour of 1818. It meant walking about 630 miles, and Mr. Bushnell, with no companion, and with the advantages of "twentieth-century roads and lodgings, superior food and weather," accomplished the journey in thirty days, a third less time than that of the original travelers. Except in time Mr. Bushnell adhered to the canonical schedule with the scrupulous accuracy of a scholar and devotee; in order to cross to Ireland from the right place, now no longer a point of departure, he even taxed his budget to hire a boat and voyaged in state.

In spite of the endless small difficulties of a journey off the beaten track, and blisters and moments of discouragement, Mr. Bushnell evidently had a good time, and his travel-diary enables the sedentary reader to share the palm without the pang. He met no personages, and he does not gush about Highland scenery, and one may say, in no disparaging sense, that his chronicle is mostly of small beer (less metaphorically, of Bass and scalding black tea). His anecdotes and snatches of talk from roadside and inn have an unexaggerated flavor which one's own small Scottish experience corroborates. This outdoor book pleasantly vivifies a chapter in Keats's life which the literary critic usually considers only in relation to his poetry. Mr. Bushnell does not forget that, but he writes as a hiker; incidentally, he corrects some errors in the biographies. The book includes, of course, ample quotations, and also some attractive old engravings and a map.

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England in America

THE COLONIAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The Settlements. Vol. II. By Charles M. Andrews. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by VERNER W. CRANE

PROFESSOR ANDREWS'S history of English colonial institutions moves on in this second volume to the origins and early fortunes of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Haven, Barbados, the Leeward Islands, and Maryland. Again are displayed the characteristic merits of the first volume, which well deserved the Pulitzer award in 1935: the broad scope, the imperial viewpoint, the incisive scholarship, the mastery of significant detail. The rationale of the work now appears more clearly. Another volume will complete the survey of English settlements on the continent and in the West Indies. A fourth will trace the development of English colonial policy. Only then, in Professor Andrews's opinion, will it be possible to measure the forces which transformed English ways in America into distinctive American ways.

This is a history of institutions. It is only incidentally a social history, though the beginnings of New England commerce and agriculture receive brief treatment. But institutional history as Andrews writes it is a broadly human subject, not merely an anatomy of charters and codes of law. He is happiest when he is tracing back through London vestries and the East Anglian countryside the connections of John Winthrop, Jr., of the Rev. John Davenport, of Theophilus Eaton; or displaying the ramifications of the Calvert kindred. In such familiar English associations were hatched famous projects of American planting. The patterns were ready at hand in the practices of English guilds, corporate boroughs, trading companies, of parish and manor.

Through half the volume we are upon the familiar ground, to most readers, of the expansion of New England. The paths of the migrations from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Haven are strewn with historical controversies and popular misconceptions. Here there is no stumbling. The motives for expansion are clearly analyzed. One crux after another is resolved. Roger Williams's "soul liberty" (and later the toleration of Maryland) are exactly defined and weighed in the scales of *contemporary* ideas. The limited popular government of Connecticut is distinguished from the Massachusetts plan—and equally from modern conceptions of democracy and constitutionalism. Williams, Hooker, and their fellows are portrayed as Englishmen of their time rather than prophets of unseen American goals.

The rest of the book will be more novel, as it reveals less familiar aspects of colonial history. Too often it is forgotten that the West Indies were part of the same colonial world with Virginia and Massachusetts; that they were becoming the center of English interest in empire. Another hard test of the colonial historian Professor Andrews meets when he contrives to write clearly and even interestingly of the confusions of Maryland history before 1689.

His success in this direction is due to his appreciation of that other mode of colonization—proprietorship on a semi-feudal or manorial model—which first appeared in the sixteenth century, but was for a time overshadowed by corporate enterprise and the religious motive. "Anglicanism, not dissent," he reminds us, "manorial organization, not city life, governed the thought and conduct" of the English privileged classes in the seventeenth century. In a brilliant chapter he elaborates the English background, and in America the results, of the aristocratic impulse. Mingling landlordism and government, it produced the great proprietary provinces, and also many a lesser grant, and many an abortive and forgotten project. It was singularly persistent, though from the beginning at odds with the instincts of the American frontier. One grandiose scheme Professor Andrews has discovered so late as 1763. Not indeed till 1806 was "the last proprietary claim by Englishmen to lands in America extinguished."

Verner W. Crane is professor of American history at the University of Michigan.

JOHN WINTHROP'S MILL IN CONNECTICUT COLONY
From Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners).

A French Sea Novel

SALVAGE. By Roger Vercel. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

HERE is a fine French sea novel, written by a landsman. To those acquainted with French sailors, the statement will hardly appear as a contradiction. At heart, approximately all Frenchmen, including sailors, are landsmen. Anyone who has followed the sea is familiar with the perpetually unhappy look of French sailors in foreign ports. The mental attitude of Frenchmen at sea can only be known by hearsay, as French ships are manned wholly by Frenchmen—perhaps on the theory that misery loves company—and Frenchmen seldom stray into ships of other nations. From hearsay, the reviewer has gathered that French sailors hate the sea.

"Salvage" bears out this theory. Some members of the crew of the salvage tug, *Cyclone,* are perpetually sick at sea. Other members never eat at sea. Others do not even attempt to sleep until the tug is safely back at her pier. The heroic wife of Captain Renaud spent most of her younger years with her husband, traveling about the seven seas in great sailing ships. In the experience where other women, in theory, at least, might have found high romance, Yvonne found something between imprisonment and crucifixion. One deduces that the captain himself does not love the sea.

This may sound like discouraging material for a sea novel. But the fact remains that Frenchmen do go to sea, and M. Vercel has caught them in the act in a book which has the ring of truth. The salvage tug and the sea are chiefly background for a powerful quadrangle situation involving Captain Renaud, his duty to his ship, Yvonne, and the wife of the Greek captain. The characters of "Salvage" are excellent, and their conflicts real. M. Vercel has told his stormy story in a clear, forceful style.

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Autumnal Composer

BRAHMS: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Karl Geiringer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

THE Vienna *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* has always had distinguished musical scholars for librarian and custodian. Suffice it to recall the name of Pohl, whose biography of Haydn is a model of historical research. The modern conception of biography can be expected from the holder of such an important position in the domain of musical historiography, as is that of Mr. Geiringer, custodian of the Vienna Friends of Music, yet what we find here is almost a pure panegyric, held in a rather unctuous Biedermeier atmosphere. We should be resigned to a more than sympathetic biography which converts human shortcomings into virtues had the learned custodian given us in the third of the book which is devoted to Brahms's works a historically, scientifically, and esthetically satisfactory analysis of the master's compositions. But all we get are pleasant and romantic generalities such as are encountered in books on the "appreciation" of music. The great problems which confront the historian and esthete when studying Brahms are hardly touched upon.

While there was a strong current of romantic elements in this musician of Hamburg, he was a true son of the city which attracted Mattheson, Handel, and Bach. And indeed, the *Sturm und Drang* period over, Brahms reverted to the stylistic characteristics of the North German School. Thus Brahms became the unofficial leader of a conservative musical party which was doomed to oblivion, but his personal genius and ardent and uncompromising musicianship saved him from the fate that overtook the other members of the group. Such a peculiar situation assuredly provides enough material for the historian but the author contents himself with superficial allusions.

He does not tell us how Brahms's preference for and intimate knowledge of old music resuscitated rhythmical figures, melodic and harmonic peculiarities which, when combined with his own remarkable store of contrapuntal and harmonic devices enriched our musical language. When reading this biography we behold a glorified semi-mythical composer, the third member of the "three B's," but we do not get the impression that his art is an autumnal art, retrospective and filled with a melancholy longing for the past; an art strikingly similar to the reflective poetry of his contemporary, Theodore Storm. This art is the crowning of the artificial classicistic renaissance movement inaugurated by Mendelssohn. It was artificial because the classical spirit was no more alive, and although the popular vein of Schubert, the tender romanticism of Chopin, the mysticism of Schumann meet in Brahms's art with the constructive architecture of a Bach and the profundity of a Beethoven, there is always a slight archaic perfume hovering about it: the odor of the desk lamp mixing with the flower wreath of the Muses.

BRAHMS—*A contemporary caricature.*

The Orchestra and Its Music

THE STORY OF THE ORCHESTRA. By Paul Bekker. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. J. HENDERSON

MR. BEKKER'S latest book approaches the subject from a new direction. The distinguished German critic and historian, now living and working in New York, long ago established his reputation as a scholar of great attainments and a thinker of originality. He has concentrated in his account of the development of the orchestra a mass of learning, evidences of intimate personal acquaintance with the music of all the masters of orchestral composition, and the results of philosophical consideration of the processes underlying and influencing the changes in the constitution of the orchestra itself, as well as the character of its music.

The fundamental proposition of Mr. Bekker's work is that the orchestra has not expanded from the simple ensemble of Haydn to the splendid instrument of Richard Strauss merely by accretion and opportunism, but through the operation of artistic ideals demanding expression by assemblages of instruments capable of accomplishing the purpose. Beethoven's orchestra Mr. Bekker calls "dynamic," because Beethoven's music was essentially dynamic. Dynamics are a manifestation of emotion, and Beethoven's emotions were aroused by the powerful forces exercising themselves in his day in social and political revolution. It was with the communication of his feelings that Beethoven was concerned and not with orchestral effects. His orchestra is fundamental, solid, and massive.

With the maturing of the romantic movement in literature and art came the need of a more elastic orchestra and more individual methods of expression through the distinctive instrumental voices, and so we come to the orchestra of Schumann, Weber, Mendelssohn, and thence the inevitable next step is to the virtuoso ensemble of the virtuoso composers for orchestra, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, and Liszt.

Mr. Bekker calls Wagner's orchestra "cosmic," and that of Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler "decadent." The decadence is to be sought not in the music itself, but in the treatment of the orchestra. The chapter is one of the most absorbing in the volume and the term "decadent" is likely to incite debate. In "The National Orchestra" the author discusses the works of Verdi, Bizet, Smetana, Tschaikowsky, and Sibelius, saying much that is pregnant about the compositions of these masters and about the details of orchestral scoring as effected by the specializing of instrument manufacture in the several countries mentioned.

"The Art for Art's Sake" orchestra is that of Strauss, Debussy, and Puccini, and the author's use of the descriptive title signifies continual occupation of these musicians with instrumental effects. Indeed, he declares that some of Strauss's music began with the composer's vision of certain instrumental devices which would be conspicuous in it. Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and the present company of writers appear to him as the creators of the "mechanistic" orchestra. Stravinsky abhors "expression" in music and there are no "marks of expression" in his scores. The ideal model of his new orchestra is not the singer, but the dancer, and hence the singing quality of the band of instruments must give way to the government of the rhythmic impulse.

Mr. Bekker's book has a special value in its admirable exposition of the different aims of composers of various schools in their scoring. He has made his entire study of his subject along the lines now generally pursued in biographical and historical works and has added to the literature of musical art a volume of singular excellence and sound value. Furthermore he has performed the difficult feat of writing his book in English and has revealed a remarkable command of style, not only idiomatic, but elegant.

William James Henderson, dean of musical critics in New York, was on the staff of the New York Times *from* 1883 *to* 1902, *and has been on the* Sun *since. He is the author of numerous books on music and the orchestra.*

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

In the Mail

Far Eastern Correspondence

SIR:—Henry Vetch the demon bookseller of Peking is turning publisher, to an extent. To the same extent he is enjoying author-trouble. I told him I'd send him a recipe I vaguely recalled as soon as I could determine its exact word-components. Here it is—"It is dangerous to have any intercourse or dealing with small authors. They are as troublesome to handle, as easy to discompose, as difficult to pacify, and leave as unpleasant marks on you, as small children" (William Savage Landor).

Cartographic difficulties in the Orient: Maps, or books with maps bearing the name "Manchukuo" cannot pass the Chinese customs. Maps calling the same territory "Manchuria" are barred by the Japanese. I notice that the present (1936) edition of Philips' "Handy-Volume Atlas" uses, impartially, both terms and is for sale in both China and Japan. I'm a push-over for *any* pocket-size atlas and buy them fast as they appear. This little Philips book is a delight.

Vancouver: where, when a horse sees a man without an umbrella, he shies.

Tientsin: rather anti-climax after Shanghai and Peking, and where after long hours of solitude I discovered I was talking to myself. And saying nothing of any possible interest.

Peking: where I watched go by the funeral of an undoubtedly important person; for one thing the deceased rated four bands all more or less casual in rendition of their music, but bands in full uniform nevertheless. It brought me back say, to the Chou Dynasty. Then around the corner in a field I saw young and vigorous Chinese playing basket-ball, lightning fast, and further off another group pole-vaulting. Preparing, probably, for the 1940 Olympics at Tokyo.

W. S. H.

Some weeks ago we alluded inquiringly to an ancient firm of juvenile publishers, in London, Messrs. Griffith Farran Okeden and Welsh. We have received the following interesting letter:—

November 19, 1936.

SIR:—Griffith Farran Okeden and Welsh were successors to Newbery and Harris, at the sign of the Bible and Sun, West Corner St. Paul's Churchyard, London. The Welsh was Charles Welsh who did the life of John Newbery in a fine book called "A Book Seller of the Last Century," published by G. F. O. & W. in 1885.

Charles Welsh came to this country and his book "The Right Reading for Children" seems still to be a standard for even the modernists among educators and librarians. There was an excellent book by Welsh with a title something like "Above Newbery's" in which he wrote of some adventures in publishing of that historic house. Wilbur Macey Stone probably knows as much about Charles Welsh as anyone in this country; and he corresponded with Welsh about Newbery, Newbery's books, and children's books since Newbery's day, I suspect. I knew Welsh intimately for a period of years, and worked and played with him as the occasion demanded.

Welsh had been sent by (I think) the *London Telegraph* to interview Father Damien, and like Stevenson, was infuriated that any question could ever have been raised as to the man or his motives. Welsh was fond of making anthologies and did one in two volumes on TOBACCO. This was published in tobacco colored boards and put up very bookishy in slip covers. Who published it I do not know but it was a good job well done. I wish I could find a set of it!

ROBERT HARRIS AS JOHN KEATS
In "Aged 26" (Lyceum Theatre)

What happened to Griffith Farran Okeden and Welsh as a firm I either did not find out or do not remember. Most likely I never found out, because Welsh and I had so much ground to cover in our powwows that neither past nor present matters could be dealt with. Our discussions were largely of what we were going to do. Some of it we did.

Welsh had married a Belgian lady, and when she died, about 1910, he was dreadfully shaken by his loss. . . . I saw him last in a beautiful garden in Yonkers about 1913—on a guess. He had become absorbed in gardening and in a new approach to the school text book problem and seemed quietly happy. He showed me with pride a square of English turf about the size of a Royal Octavo side, in which grew a solitary English daisy. . . . He died in 1914.

But what I really started to say was that "Treasury of Pleasure Books for the Young" is a characteristic Welsh title and there isn't an atom of doubt in my mind that he did the book. That was his kind of job, and your testimony and that of "a whole other generation" shows that it was well done.

JAMES KEDDIE.

Boston.

A propos the recent constitutional crisis in Britain, we were interested in a comment by James Agate in the London *Sunday Referee*, under date December 4. He remarked: "Am told today that the bookshops are completely deserted. Why spend seven-and-sixpence on romance when you can get reality for a penny?"

Riley Was Riled

Shining Lines, house organ of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, says the shortest short-short-story it has seen in these four lines "by some unknown student of neighborhood life":—

Beneath this stone lies Murphy
They buried him today:
He lived the life of Riley
When Riley was away.

O. Henry's Pen Name

Referring to some remarks here about O. Henry's prison term in the Ohio Penitentiary, we have received the following:—

SIR:—One midsummer evening in 1910 when I happened to be in Columbus, Ohio, I followed my habit of calling upon Jimmy Faulkner, the Cincinnati Enquirer correspondent at the state capitol. Ben S. Allen of the Cleveland Plain Dealer had desk room in Faulkner's office.

About 10 o'clock Allen came in. "I was just told," he said, "that O. Henry served time in the O. P. One of the guards told me of it."

"You're not going to put it on the wire are you?" I asked.

"I should say not," came back from Allen. "If the boys over in the pen can keep their traps shut I should certainly prove myself their equal in reticence. Do you know, my friend the guard showed me the only reference that ever came out of the pen. It was an item in the O. P. News some years ago, and it read something like this: 'One of our boys who has gone out there is certainly making them sit up and read his stuff'."

(Ben Allen, you may remember, was killed in an automobile accident when he was campaigning through the Pacific

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Northwest with Woodrow Wilson. Jimmy Faulkner died suddenly at the Waldorf while he was covering some assignment about 1912-1914.)

But in a quarter century what a change in newspaperdom! Imagine one of the key-hole fraternity passing up the opportunity for a national scoop! And because that's something a gentleman doesn't do —spread scandal for the sole purpose of seeking to be "smart."

. . . . Now as to the pseudonym Porter adopted: I've read four or five explanations, but one came to me that night I heard of his death in a second-story office in the Outlook building in Broad Street, Columbus. May I go on?

In the early 1890's a German farmer named Carl Bach, who lived near Milton Center, Ohio, quarreled with his wife, and won the argument by slicing her to shoe strings with a corn cutter. He was jugged at the county seat (Bowling Green, by the way), found guilty by a jury of his peers and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. He was delivered to the sheriff, Orrin Henry by name. Civil war veteran and all that. Tall, angular, silent, but who won his way in politics with his attentive ear. Orrin Henry always had time to listen to other people's troubles.

Henry hanged Carl Bach, was re-elected, and after four years as sheriff was appointed a Captain of the Guard at the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, by Governor Calico Charley Foster, if my memory is not playing me tricks.

For many years "Cap" Henry was a familiar figure at the Neal House when there were any political gatherings. Listening, always, but seldom saying more than "humph," or "that's interesting," or "it's news to me." I believe he preceded Sydney Porter to Paradise, but at any rate I never met him after the death of the latter in 1910.

Orrin Henry frequently signed his name O. Henry. Being a Captain of the Guard he had plenty of loafing time about the O. P. No man could meet him and not trust him 100 per cent. What more natural than for a friendship to develop between the Captain of the Guard and the Pharmacy Clerk? With whom was the latter in possible contact who could have so conveniently sent out MSS and brought in the checks? Of course it can never be established, but you are fond of quoting Sherlock Holmes on the residuary possibility.

After 1910 when Ben Allen told us the story of Sydney Porter's imprisonment, the only reference I ever ran across was in Al. Jennings' story of his banditry published serially in the *Sat. Eve. Post.* In the second or third installment there was a reference to O. Henry—not by name, of course—so unmistakable that with Allen's story in my mind I recognized it as a reference to that prince of short story writers.

GEORGE A. BOISSARD.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Proletarianitis

(*Continued from page 4*)

the concept of proletarian literature was first developed in the Soviet Union. On the contrary, back in the nineteenth century, when George Sand was at the apogee of her career, proletarian literature was more of a challenge than it is today. "It is to the proletariat that now belongs the creative and primary role of poetry," asserted Amable Tastu, and George Sand herself, inspired by the workers' poetry of the day, declared that "the elements of the future ought to be a race of proletarians, wild, proud, and ready to claim the rights of mankind by force."

Long after those revolutionary Parisian days reverberations of the proletarian motif were to be heard along the highways and byways of the nineteenth century literary world, but it was not until after the Bolshevik Revolution that proletarian literature once more became the challenge of the hour.

In the United States the whole problem assumed a different aspect. Not until 1931, when the depression was in full swing, did proletarian literature become a compelling issue. At that time, when Convert Express dashed headlong into Union Square, all the literary boys scrambled out of the windows and doors of the train, and, standing on tip-toe, announced to the world that they had come to see that PROLETARIAN LITERATURE was put on the map.

The trouble with that attempt was that there were plenty of authors, bored with their own frustrations and failures, who were willing enough to lead, but there were few proletarians to follow them. And therein lies another of the tragic contradictions from which American proletarian literature suffers. As Louis Adamic pointed out, in a brilliant article in *The Saturday Review of Literature* some time ago, the main trouble with proletarian literature is that it is not read by proletarians. The proletariat is far more interested in Eddie Guest, Peter B. Kyne, and even Harold Bell Wright, not to mention Fannie Hurst and Edna Ferber, than it is in such avowedly proletarian authors as Waldo Frank, William Rollins, Junior, Jack Conroy, Robert Cantwell, Michael Gold, Grace Lumpkin, Fielding Burke (the best of them all), et cetera, et cetera.

We produce writers, who, in the desperate isolation of their Greenwich Village studios, or their Bronxite or Brooklynite sequestrations, churn out literature for the proletariat, which the proletariat refuses to read—but which middle class romantics gobble up, devour, and identify with themselves. In a word, we have authors who are writing ostensibly for the proletariat but in reality for the bourgeoisie, and who as a result of that contradiction are writing some of the worst things they have ever produced.

The falsity of that relationship is in good part responsible for the development of the disease of *proletarianitis.* The writers who have tried their damnedest to write for the proletariat find that no matter how hard they try, the proletariat is not interested in what they have to say. The American proletariat is far more interested in the difficulties and distresses of Mrs. Simpson than in the hardships and disasters of its own kind.

Under such conditions, it is impossible to produce a genuine proletarian literature in this country today, and all attempts to manufacture it will result only in divorcing some of our best writers from the imaginative inspiration of their native environment. Instead of writing about America as it is, which is what they should do, they write about a Russian distortion of it.

What they fail to see is that the class struggle has had a different history in this country from that in Europe. The class struggle in the United States has never been, politically or idealogically, between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, but between two bourgeoisies, the big bourgeoisie and the little (or petit) bourgeoisie, with the workers identifying their interests throughout our political history with the little bourgeoisie. No better illustration of that could be found than in the past election. The proletariat in this country has always been anti-Wall Street but at the same time pro-Main Street. The American proletariat is the last class to identify itself as proletarian. American capitalists such as Charles Schwab and Henry Ford will call themselves workers, but American workers, unlike European workers, will be the last people to consider themselves proletarians.

As a result of that fact, when American proletarian writers try to write novels about the American proletariat in terms of what they have learned from Marx and Moscow, instead of in terms of what the American workers actually are today, what they become are not literary realists but proletarian pollyannas.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the best American novels which have meaning to the radical tradition are those of John Dos Passos, which have very little to do with the proletariat *per se,* although they embody a philosophy which can be definitely defined as revolutionary in the proletarian sense of the word; those of James T. Farrell, which deal with the proletariat but not in the proletarian way prescribed by *The New Masses;* and those of Fielding Burke, which embody a conception of both capitalists and proletarians that coincides with American realities. Even working class novels such as Robert Whitcomb's "Talk United States" or Albert Halper's "The Foundry," despite their obvious weaknesses and inadequacies, come closer to realistic fact than the so-called proletarian novels of Robert Cantwell, Jack Conroy, Isidor Schneider, Myra Page and Company.

That type of proletarian literature,

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which I have described as afflicted with *proletarianitis*, fails to come to life, therefore, because in the main it is a product of wish-fulfilment fantasy. The authors of it, dominated by a convert psychology, are more concerned with writing about an America which fits their newly-acquired faith than one which fits the facts in the case. They don't know America because they have turned their eyes away from it—or focussed their eyes upon an aspect of it which has no dynamic relationship to it as a whole. They write about the United States as if it were Soviet Russia of today or Germany of yesterday before Hitler's seizure of power. In the U.S.S.R., despite the Tammanyization of literature which has occurred, proletarian literature has purpose, place, and being, because it has a proletariat to read and support it. In Germany in the twenties the same thing was true, as it is in France today.

Until we reach such a stage of development, wherein the American workers become proletarian-conscious, we shall not be able to develop a proletarian literature of any scope or power. The best we can do is to write truthfully about the American scene as it is, without subscribing to any superimposed political line in our interpretation which tends to distort our vision of reality. All such distortion, in the final analysis, from a literary as well as a political point of view, can result only in dishonest writing, for honest writing must be realistic or nothing at all—that is unless it is going to be pure fantasy, which is very different from wish-fulfilment fantasy. Moreover, such writing, to be honest, must adhere to the realities of the environment and not to the dictates of a party machine, which disregards environmental facts for political fictions.

No writers can function successfully within such a spiritual *cul-de-sac*.

And proletarian literature in this country at the present time suffers largely from that type of dictation — dictation from abroad, dictation by politicians, dictation by authority instead of reason. What makes that dictation even worse is that, in the literary world, it is administered in the main by converts, who are always the worst people to administer anything — to themselves or others.

V. F. Calverton is the founder and editor of The Modern Monthly *and author of "The Liberation of American Literature" and a novel, "The Man Inside."*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 145)

ALAN A. MILNE—
"NOT THAT IT MATTERS."

My idea of a title is that it should be something which reflects the spirit of your work and gives the hesitating purchaser some indication of what he is asked to buy. To call your book Ethan Frome . . . is to help the reader not at all.

Gargantua in Modern Dress

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL. By François Rabelais. Translated by Jacques LeClercq. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1936.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

WHETHER women like or dislike Rabelais, as my colleague Quercus has been trying to determine, his audience has been needlessly small, irrespective of sex, because he has been so badly printed. The three editions of my shelves are typical. One is the chunky, red-bound edition customarily sold to college freshmen: it has an unleaded, practically solid page with almost no margins, the type is slovenly and cheap, and the whole effect is to discourage a reader before he begins. Another belongs to an English series of the classics and is printed in a type so small that it cannot be read for more than a few minutes at a time. The third is a subscription edition in two volumes on which no expense has been spared; the volumes are so heavy that they cannot be held with comfort, the calendered paper produces glare, and the page has been designed as a unit of type so formal that the eye skims over it without taking in the sense. These three categories cover every edition of Rabelais I have ever seen except this new one by the Limited Editions Club.

The decision to devote a volume to each of the five books was wise. It results in light, easily handled volumes which will cramp no thumbs and tire no forearms. The page, though only an inch shorter and a half-inch narrower than that of the subscription edition I have mentioned, carries only half as many words. It is well leaded, the margins are wide, and the type is open, cleanly cut, and leisurely. Mr. Dwiggins's decorations, printed in red as chapter headings, effectively lighten the mass, and the paper is both opaque and glareless. The sum makes the most readable edition of Rabelais available.

How Mr. Jacques LeClercq's translation compares with the two other new translations of the last decade, I cannot say, having only glanced at the others, but on the whole it stands up against Urquhart's better than one's prejudices would have thought possible. The truth is that much of Urquhart is cloudy to modern readers, and anyone who was making his first acquaintance with Rabelais would certainly understand him better in Mr. LeClerq's version. And it has literary virtues besides clearness. His use of twentieth century colloquialisms, instead of jarring, harmonizes with the spirit of the text, and his treatment of the categories and litanies makes both better sense and better reading than Urquhart's. But of course, he lacks the energy and ecstasy that make Urquhart's one of the world's great translations. English will never have that particular rhetoric again, and because it happens to be very near to Rabelais's own rhetoric, Rabelais in modern dress will always lack the armor, the plumes, and especially the codpiece of his proper costume. Wherever meaning dominates manner, wherever the argument or the exposition is foremost, Mr. LeClercq holds his own; he is admirable, for instance, in Gargantua's letter on education or in the chapters devoted to Thélème. But Urquhart remains unchallengeable wherever the pulse is high or the laughter deep. Examine the two on Panurge's fear of cuckoldry, say, or the twenty-seventh chapter of Book II, and the indescribable felicity that for nearly three centuries has made readers forget that Urquhart was a translator clearly proves itself incomparable.

A First-rate "Natural"

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN NICOL, MARINER. Foreword by Alexander Laing. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS autobiography of a Scottish seaman who was born in 1755 and served under Nelson was discovered after a century of oblivion by Mr. Laing, who compares the prose style, with some exaggeration, to that of Melville. In the foreword Mr. Laing quite reasonably beats the drum over his find, and does an excellent job in presenting the history of the original and of John Howell who originally took it down from the old seaman's lips.

The autobiography itself is a first-rate "natural." The style is infinitely superior to most narrative writing of the period for its simplicity and force. The result is a superior and vivid story which truly eclipses such frantic efforts as "Trader Horn." The picture of a seaman's life in the merchant marine, the navy, and the whaling industry around the turn of the eighteenth century is clear and packed with meat.

The illustrations by Gordon Grant are decorative, appropriate, and so presented as not to be obtrusive. His accuracy and skill in work of this kind is indisputable; his drawings not merely depict the times but are lively illustrations to the story in hand.

One raises a slight objection to the reappearance of Mr. Laing in an afterword, in the course of which he says some things which might better have been included in the Foreword, some things which are repetitious, and some merely unnecessary. Here one suspects padding. But the book is unquestionably a delightful and desirable addition to any seafaring library.

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Thought and Politics

IDEOLOGY AND UTOPIA. By Karl Mannheim. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $4.

INTELLIGENCE AND POLITICS. By Max Ascoli. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $2.50.

THE ROLE OF POLITICS IN SOCIAL CHANGE. By C. E. Merriam. New York: New York University Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. HOMANS

THESE books are concerned with politics from one or another of the points of view of students of the social sciences. Of the three, the most important is probably "Ideology and Utopia," a translation from the German of Karl Mannheim. Professor Mannheim treats of what he calls the sociology of knowledge. "The prinicpal thesis of the sociology of knowledge is that there are modes of thought which cannot be adequately understood so long as their social origins are obscured." The sociology of Karl Marx has often been called more intelligent than his economics, and one of his important sociological observations was that the economic interests of the class he called the bourgeois determined the system of ideas, or ideology, they adopted. Since the time of Marx, this statement has been considerably revised and extended. For one thing, the sentiments as well as the interests of people determine their ideology. For another, the sentiments and interests of people are in part determined by, as well as determining of, their ideology. The relationship is not one of cause and effect, but of mutual dependence. Finally, it has been recognized that the possession of an ideology is not a characteristic of one class or social group alone, but of all classes and social groups.

The investigation of primitive communities, or of societies like those of the Middle Ages, shows that the members of these societies thought in terms of systems of ideas with which they interpreted their sentiments, their interests, their institutions. But each of these systems was common to all the members of the society. The feudal system was the system of ideas in terms of which, in the Middle Ages, social position, the holding of property, and the exercise of authority were interpreted, as well by the peasant as by the baron. Only in times of social change and conflict like the present do warring groups within a society develop ideologies of their own, more or less unlike, such as the ideologies of democracy and of communism.

Analysis often shows that the ideology of their authors has played a large part in the making of theories, especially those in the field of social science. They are said to be made up of statements of fact, but their authors are all themselves members of the social system, and cannot entirely escape from the forms of thinking to which they were brought up. Since people usually take their ideologies for granted, they put this bias into their work without being conscious of doing so. The question then is: how far is a science of human behavior possible consisting of statements of observed uniformities among the facts, statements constantly being referred back to the facts for confirmation? Such a science could correct the bias introduced into a theory by the sentiments and interests of the man who formulated it, and by an ideology expressing those sentiments. Professor Mannheim is aware that this is an important question, but nowhere does he discuss it thoroughly. The closest he comes to a statement of his position seems to me to be this:

> The function of the findings of the sociology of knowledge lies somewhere in a fashion hitherto not clearly understood, between irrelevance to the establishment of truth on the one hand, and entire adequacy for determining truth on the other.

We still do not understand.

One trouble with many volumes of sociology, and this is one of them, is that their authors do not make simple descriptions of the relevant facts, and then, and only then, give words as names for abstractions from these facts. Instead they begin by talking at once about words. The writer and the reader may think that these words have reference to facts, but often they do not, or there is no way of telling whether they do or not. And there is no way of testing the theories reached by making combinations of these words. If Professor Mannheim had borne this in mind, he would not have made statements like the following, of which his book is full:

> Only he who immerses himself in his own self in such a manner that he does not destroy all of the elements of personal meaning and value is in a position to find answers to questions that involve meaning.

"Intelligence in Politics," by Professor Max Ascoli, is a discussion of the part American intellectuals can play in American politics. Like a sensible man, he does not think that they ought to or can be useful as members of more learned and more powerful brain trusts. Much of his book is written in too literary a style, in that the words used are without definition, and therefore many of his statements cannot be referred to the test of fact. But he has some important observations to make about how the political and social orders in America are bound in together, observations which are not usually made. He sees the usefulness of the hard and specialized, if much denounced, work of the professional politicians in maintaining the political institutions of the country. He sees the usefulness of two political parties, not sharply divided as to issues, the same two in every state and town, in holding a vast and scattered population together as a community. He sees that the ballyhoo of the newspapers helps dissipate the emotions that surround political measures, so that no serious tensions remain to make trouble. If Professor Ascoli pursued in detail some of his intuitions about American politics and society, he would write a great book.

I will not do more than quote one paragraph from Professor Merriam's "The Role of Politics in Social Change."

> The basic troubles of our time are not fundamentally "economic" only, but are scientific and technological, territorial-racial, socio-political, philosophical-psychological. Our difficulties involve forms of behavior, value systems, ideas, and institutions beyond the bounds of "economics" in any ordinary use of the term. To characterize this bundle of factors as "economic," and then even worse to try to solve the problem in terms of old-time economics, is the supreme misunderstanding of our time. The organization of the old value systems and the new science in workable forms and practices is the root problem of the present age.

This is wise and important. More people should think along these lines. But the subject needs more extensive treatment than Professor Merriam was able to give it in this volume.

Medieval Techniques

THE MATERIALS OF MEDIEVAL PAINTING. By Daniel V. Thompson, Jr. Yale University Press. 1936. $2.50.

"IN the Middle Ages," observes Dr. Thompson, "artists generally did more than they had to. They indulged the impulse to embellish . . . and built up a tremendous range of technical powers for executing their embellishments." Some of the secrets of these medieval techniques have been preserved for a less painstaking posterity by such treatises as the anonymous eleventh century Bernese tract, "De Clarea," and by the more celebrated "Libro dell' Arte" of Cennino Cennini. To the latter document, of which Dr. Thompson has made an erudite re-edition, the present work is deeply indebted for much of the material on the *gesso sotile* and tempera techniques, the preparations of pigments, and the luxurious and largely lost art of gold-leaf decoration. The author likewise calls attention to the fact that Cennino's researches in tempera are of concern not only to the antiquarian but to the contemporary muralist, and in his discussion of the "Libro dell' Arte" he generously credits the work of the two women who were his predecessors. These ladies, Mrs. Mary Philadelphia Merrifield, who made the first English translation of Cennino in 1844, and Lady Christiana J. Herringham, whose "Book of the Art" appeared at the turn of the century, he believes to have been responsible for instituting the study of tempera and true fresco which has made possible the renascence of the art.

"Materials of Medieval Painting" offers not only a mine of technical information for the artist and an invaluable aid to the serious art student but enlightenment for those who have pondered such problems as the red sky in the great San Marco Crucifixion, the ominous blackness of the Tintorettos at the Scuolo di San Rocco, or the constant confusion of such terms as parchment and "vellum."

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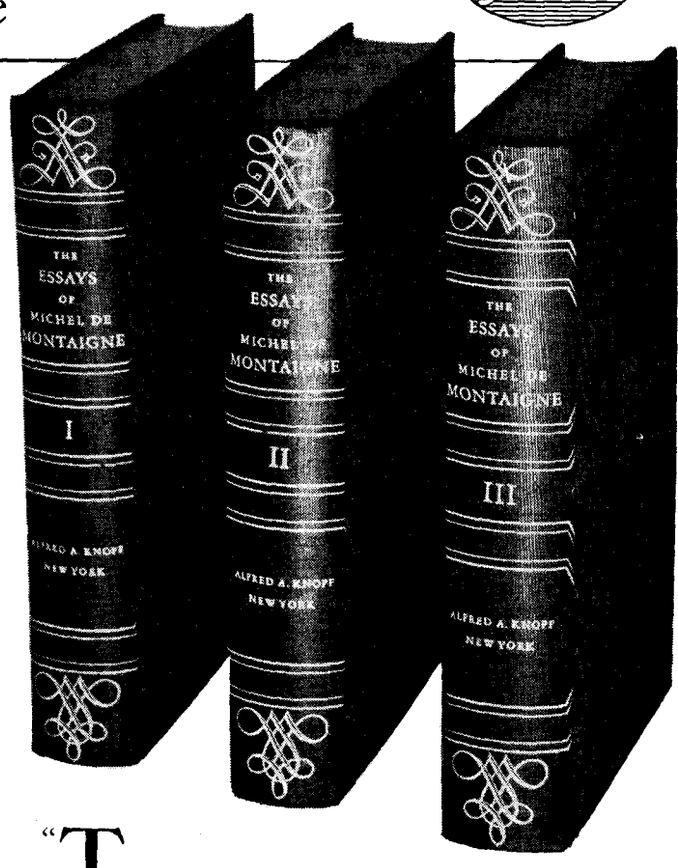
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THE
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Translated and Edited by
JACOB ZEITLIN
Professor of English Literature
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The New Books

Art

FRANS HALS PAINTINGS IN AMERICA. By W. R. Valentiner. (Privately printed.) Westport, Conn.: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1936.

Since 1889, when Mr. H. O. Havemeyer acquired at the famous Secrétan sale the pair of portraits now in the Metropolitan Museum, one-third of the extant work of Frans Hals has found its way to America. The great Corporation and Regent pieces remain in Haarlem but as genre and portrait painter Hals is magnificently represented in the collections of this country. For his better appreciation the present volume, a companion-piece to the author's "Rembrandt Paintings in America," offers 106 half-tone reproductions with annotations by the distinguished director of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Dr. Valentiner, in his discerning Introduction, suggests that in the art of this most ingratiating of Dutch masters "more perhaps than in the work of Rembrandt, there is reflected . . . the character of the Dutchmen who emigrated to America." That the bravura of Hals's unfaltering brush and the nervous energy and incredible dexterity of his execution should have had a temperamental appeal for such collectors as Edward Bok, Henry Frick, Andrew Mellon, John Ringling, and Charles Schwab is understandable. To compare the portraits of these forceful Americans by contemporary painters with such staggering representations as Mr. Erickson's "Herring Merchant" and Mr. Bache's "Brewer," the truculent officers belonging to Mr. Mellon and Mr. Goldman, the monumental man in the Frick Collection, and the magisterial "Burgomaster Olycan" in the Ringling Museum, is to realize that their equally characterful faces will be remembered less long than these trenchant likenesses of seventeenth century citizens of Haarlem, for whose importation to these shores we have the robust taste and temper of their American prototypes to thank.

V. N.

Biography

WASHINGTON AND HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP. By Emily Stone Whiteley. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

It is no unimportant contribution that Mrs. Whiteley has made toward an understanding of Washington's military career in this study of his official family. To begin with, the work is based on diligent research in the sources, and reveals many new facts about the large group of aides and secretaries at headquarters. It shows, moreover, a keen sense for character; not merely for the character of the various aides, but that of Washington himself. His devotion to duty, his vast patience, his occasional fits of irritation, his affection for friends, his magnanimity to opponents, his social tastes, are brought out by anecdote and apt quotation. Indeed, it is remarkable that such previous writers on the informal side of Washington as Paul Leicester Ford have missed much of the informality revealed in his headquarters life. Finally, Mrs. Whiteley shows what real contributions a few devoted men made to Washington's success. She does not hesitate to dispel traditional views, and contradicts in no uncertain way the conventional assertion that Alexander Hamilton was invaluable as a secretary. On the contrary, she regards the temperamental, self-centred, and glory-hungry little New Yorker, for all his brilliancy and grasp, as one of the least useful of Washington's staff. To Robert H. Harrison of Virginia ("The Old Secretary"), Tench Tilghman of Maryland, James McHenry of the same State, and David Humphreys of Connecticut she is as kind as she is sharp toward Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania. The book, well written and interesting throughout, fills a valuable place on the shelf of Washingtoniana.

A. N.

Fiction

NAKED TO LAUGHTER. By Dorothy McCleary. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

This author's first novel won a prize in a Doubleday, Doran-*Story* contest. Very often the successor to a prize novel leads one to wince, as indeed prize novels themselves often do in their own right. The winner in this case was "Not for Heaven," a book about which this reviewer unfortunately remembers nothing except that the heroine was an old woman who was fond of radishes. "Naked to Laughter" does not make one wince, exactly. Its faults are beginner's mistakes, easy to forgive. The story concerns Ruby Shreve who ran a milliner's shop. She became infatuated with a big blonde Dane and went to great lengths to win him and failed. It was obvious she must fail and it was obvious what the Dane would do —though just what either of them *do* do in the end is mysterious. The jacket blurb says wistfully, "It [her womanly weakness] left her naked to the laughter of her world until a bitterly won wisdom came to her." There is something psychic here, for there was no wisdom in sight.

"Naked to Laughter" would have made a good short story. Then it would have been enough to know that Ruby went right out after what she wanted, regardless; it wouldn't have been necessary to know why she behaved as she did. Then it wouldn't have mattered if Herman, the large and religious Dane, was hard to credit. It wouldn't have mattered if a feeble-minded kleptomaniac and a plump, good natured dolt and an acid old woman were all simply there in Ruby's shop. In a short story it wouldn't have mattered if the reader had no idea of why any of the characters behaved as they did, as it most assuredly does matter in a novel. In short, in a short story there simply wouldn't have been room to let everyone do the same things and say the same things over and over. Furthermore, if the author of a short story chooses, the end can legitimately leave the reader out on a limb. As it is, two hundred and seventy-five pages of Ruby cooking for Herman and wanting to touch Herman and trying to get Herman begins to be repetitive to the point of tedium. Emphasis by repetition isn't one of the best ways to emphasize, even if the rhetoric books do list it as one of the three ways.

Dorothy McCleary, however, has definite gifts. In spite of the repetitions, in spite of a lack of clear visualization about what causes her characters to do what they do, there is vitality in her work and much that is vivid. When she has rid herself of "what-happens-next" trouble

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DUMB GODS SPEAK *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Chinese prince, American scientist, and magical Mr. Jonson successfully put through plan to beat all swords into ploughshares.	The heroes and heroines (two each) are out of Madame Tussaud's, but Jonson is a gem—and thrills are plentiful.	Suave and satisfactory
THE EMPEROR OF EVIL *Carroll John Daly* (F. A. Stokes: $2.)	Murders and suicides instigated by cat-loving blackmailer stopped with bullet by song-writing sleuth who NEVER misses.	Precious little mystery and somewhat less detecting but enough homicides and rough stuff to please the most jaded thrill seeker.	302-page barrage
THE DOGS DO BARK *Jonathan Stagge* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hounds find headless, armless female corpse while Penna. hunt gallops by. Local doctor discovers missing head and clears up killing.	Liberal amount of pink-coated, horsey atmosphere, some gruesome patches, and somewhat surprising outcome.	Good huntin'
THE D. A. CALLS IT MURDER *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Everybody wanted defunct parson to be called suicide — but Selby, small-town Dist. Atty., smelled mouse and caught killer.	Unusual amount of fumbling around—for a Gardner yarn—and murderer is pretty shadowy, but the action is 100 m.p.h.	Worth reading

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and worries less about creating "characters" and more about creating people, she may easily produce a really excellent book. She has a gift for atmosphere (Ruby's millinery shop is fine), she has emotion and intensity (Ruby's infatuation often sounds like the McCoy) and she has humor. All she needs is practice.

C. H. M.

THE SIXTH OF OCTOBER. By Robert Hichens. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.50.

The plot of the new Hichens novel is bizarre enough. Claudius, a reputable young London seer, has foretold the death of Lord Burnaby before October sixth. Lord Burnaby has a mania for betting; he bets fifty thousand pounds to a thousand with Claudius that the prophecy will not come true. Against his better judgment, Claudius bets. The newspapers make much of it. As the time passes and Lord Burnaby remains in remarkably good health, the thought of losing his reputation as a successful seer, as well as the fifty thousand pounds, provokes Claudius to drastic measures. He is further incited by Rebecca, a mercenary young pianist, with whom he is infatuated.

With more actual incident and less stream-of-consciousness treatment, leaping as it does from one character to the other, the story might have been quite thrilling. Perhaps Mr. Hichens did not intend that it should be a thriller but a character study—the effect of temptation on a harmless and sincere but ambitious young man. Anyway, before the not-too-exciting or unusual climax finally arrives, it has become a bit monotonous.

G. N.

PERSONAL COMBAT. By Elliott Arnold. Greystone. 1936. $2.50.

Newspaper men are said to be forever muttering into their martinis about "that book" they're going to write, the real three-dimensional lowdown on the stories behind the news. This is that book as one newspaper man managed to write it. It is made up of the rich material which won't fit into the spot news—of detailed background data, first causes, the trivia that divert men from one track to another—and it fills in the portrait of a figure we have thus far only half seen: the petty gangster. Warden Lawes recently remarked that there never was a problem man who had not been, once, a problem boy. Such is the idea behind Elliott Arnold's novel, and it adds meaning to his careful analysis of the boy whose personal combat with his father becomes transformed by subtle stages into combat with society. The story is hard, compelling, and tragic. As it sheds its uncompromising light upon every corrosive element in this boy's life, we think again of the half-truths we have been accepting from the head-lines, the hard fist, the vicious heart, the cruel, blustering figure that now is revealed in the making. "Personal Combat" is the kind of revaluation we need. It is time newspaper men were receiving sabbatical leaves, with instructions to write that novel. Then we might begin to learn what they really know.

N. L. R.

THE VIRGIN KING. By Francis Watson. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.50.

This is not Mr. Watson's first fantasy. His first, of four years ago, was based on Rabelais. He is still not thirty, has edited a literary miscellany at Cambridge (England), has worked on *The Yorkshire Post,* has written another novel, "Laughter for Pluto," a biography of Rabelais, and another of Catherine de Medici. He is a scholar and a wit. In the present novel he travesties the day of dictatorships in Europe. He tells you all that happened to Stephen Wratislaw when he quite literally fell into the Republic of Gorboduchy. Those who enjoy such writers as James Branch Cabell, Ronald Firbank, Evelyn Waugh, and other exotics will find—that Mr. Watson's novel is quite different, but that he also is an engaging, amusing, poetic, sophisticated writer with the vivid robustness of a Chesterton and a wicked tongue in his cheek besides. The Greek chorus of his novel, at beginning and end, are several gargoyles on a cathedral. Florian, the most philosophical character, a strange sort of communist, calls the tune of the book when he remarks that European civilization has come to the end of a period, that rational concepts are giving way and instinct gaining ground—that the first instinct to be released is inevitably hatred, and so on. Whether or not you believe such generalizing this furnishes a point of departure for a novel whose play of wild fancy not only introduces werewolf and unicorn but conjures up a new organization of yellow shirts, creates various absurd and some charming people, and is outrageous with so satirical a touch as quite to remove the curse.

One of the heroines, Paula Wicksteed, is indeed a modern girl; while Liselotte, the ingenuous, finds herself in the strangest of predicaments. Beautiful and poetic is Stephen's adventure at the pool in the middle of the book. It glitters with many facets. If you like fine imaginative fooling about a world on fire, and writing that combines learning and adroit mockery, this is your dish. It is unusual. In its own way it carries quite a bit of significance.

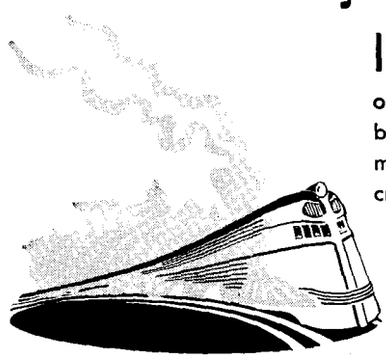
W. R. B.

UNEQUAL TO SONG. By Charles Martin. Stackpole. 1936. $2.50.

The Southern novel, once considered to be regional, has of recent years been subdivided into sub-regional studies, such as this vivid novel about the Cajins by Charles Martin. The Louisiana Cajins are reputedly descended from those banished Acadians celebrated by Longfellow, or may also be described as poor Creoles. Theirs is a mercurial temperament, moody and passionate, resentful of their poverty, eager to cloak resentment with the bright sensation of the moment. But they cannot cloak it, nor the rankling sense of inferiority beside the more aristocratic Southern families. Their pleasures are bitter; they are unequal to song. These Cajins are vital folk, and they steal the book quite away from its story, which is focussed upon the struggle of a beauti-

(*Continued on page* 22)

TIMES CHANGE
and the old gives way to the New!



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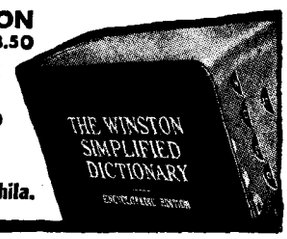

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

Guatemala in Fact and Fiction

P. J. of College Park, Md., *on behalf of a friend who is planning to visit Guatemala next summer, asks for a list of books which might be of use to her. "Guidebooks and histories," he says, "would be of value, also any works of fiction whose scene is laid in this country."*

THE latest book on the country, and one of the best for the traveller who like its author is an intelligent observer rather than a specialist, is TRANSCARIBBEAN, A TRAVEL BOOK OF GUATEMALA (Longmans, Green), by Louis J. Halle, Jr. Mr. Halle, an amateur ornithologist and so much interested in the natural aspects of the country, has a lively pen and an excellent background, and his volume is well-informed, well-written, and interesting. Another work of recent date is Agnes E. Rothery's IMAGES OF EARTH: GUATEMALA (Viking). Miss Rothery, too, writes for the prospective visitor, and she too writes well. No country would be complete without a record of his tramp through it by Harry Franck, and little Guatemala can produce one in his TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA AND HONDURAS (Appleton-Century). For a critical survey of the history, archeology, etc., of the republic P. J.'s friend might consult Lilian E. Elliott's CENTRAL AMERICA: NEW PATHS IN ANCIENT LANDS (Dodd, Mead), which has the virtue of sound scholarship and the added merit of being presented with an animation which carries its facts along in readable fashion. Dana Gardner Munro's FIVE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA (Oxford University Press), edited by David Kinley, is one of the publications of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and is of course a valuable commentary on its political and economic development and Guatemala's relations with the United States. As to fiction, there are two books which are both interesting reading, Blair Niles's MARIA PALUNA (Longmans, Green), a tale of the conquest of Guatemala in the sixteenth century by Spain, with a young native girl for heroine and one of the conquerors for hero, and Rose Macaulay's entertaining STAYING WITH RELATIONS (Boni) which takes its title from the visit of the heroine to members of her family living in Guatemala.

Books on Russia and Russians

E. R. of Riverside, Calif., *has a threefold request; she wants the title of a world atlas not costing more than five dollars; she wishes to know if there is a history of Russia which does not concern itself primarily with post-war Russia, and she would like the titles of some biographies dealing with Russian personalities.*

Personally I have found Bartholomew's HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD (Lauriat) a most useful book. It is small, easily handled, and carefully indexed, and its maps are clear, accurate, and full. The fact that it has passed through a dozen or more editions is proof of its value. Another work much in favor is Hammond's WORLD ATLAS (Boni). As for the second of E. R.'s inquiries, the histories of Russia by Sergeii Platonov (Macmillan) and Vernadskii (Yale University Press), are both scholarly, well digested, and discriminating in their emphasis. To enumerate the biographies of interesting Russians would take up more room than I have here. Such works, to name but a few, as Gorky's MY CHILDHOOD (Appleton-Century), the letters and reminiscences of Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution" as she was called, and the memoirs of Alexander Herzen, who figures so importantly in the autobiography of Malwida von Meysenburg just published under the title, REBEL IN BOMBAZINE, are of course well known. The Harvard University Press has just published a biography of the great Russian poet, PUSHKIN, by Ernest J. Simmons. If E. R. would like to supplement her reading of earlier days with records of yesterday she can find interesting material in such books as the volumes by Irina Skariatina (Bobbs-Merrill), the Grand Duchess Marie's THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS (Viking), Grand Duke Alexander's ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE (Farrar & Rinehart), Trotsky's MY LIFE (Scribners), and I. D. Levine's STALIN (Cosmopolitan).

"A Little Boy Went Out to Shoot"

My recent request for help in securing the words of the song beginning "A little boy went out to shoot one day" has met with generous response. To judge from the letters which have come from them, the song, first heard years ago at their mothers' knees, has nestled in the hearts of Jane M. Brown, Nancy L. Wright, Jessie A. R. Whitnall, Katharine D. Wisner, Hortense Keables, Frances R. Gillette, Mary Stewart, Helen J. Legg, Mary M. Lewen, Melvina Hendricken, Lurline Williams, F. L. Holt, the mother of one of our editors, Frances Rose Benét, and L. S. Mayer. The last named writes:

> Since coming to the University of Tennessee over a dozen years ago I have been making a study of Southern Appalachian Folk Song, which is purer in this mountainous section than elsewhere in America. In fact most of these old songs are sung today just as the Tudor forbears of these people sang them three hundred years ago.
>
> The song in question appears in "Mountain Songs of North Carolina," collected by Susannah Wetmore and Marshall Bartholomew, and is published by G. Schirmer of New York. One probably hears many variants of this Cuckoo song over the country but these are the original words:

THE CUCKOO
(old English Folk Song)

A boy went out to shoot one day,
He took his arrow and bow;
For guns are dangerous things for little boys to shoot, you know.

He spied a bird in a cherry tree—
Says she, "Little boy, don't you shoot me!
Cuckoo—cuckoo—cuckoo!"

The boy drew his arrow to his eye
And aimed right straight awhile;
The little bird dodged and away she flew,
Says "A miss is as good as a mile."

The boy threw down his bow and cried—
The little bird laughed till she almost died!
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha!

Another correspondent, Mrs. Stewart, adds to the foregoing song a second which she says always accompanied the first in the seventies when her mother sang to her. She hopes that some one may be able to give her information concerning its age and origin. The words follow:

"Oh, where have you been, sweet sister fay?"
"I've swung in a lily-bell all the long day,
And many an insect came to look
For the honey that lay in my fragrant nook.
I was armed with a spear from the hawthorn spray,
And, afraid of its point, they all fluttered away.
So I sang my own lullaby, sleeping at ease,
In the bell of a lily that swayed in the breeze.

(Repeat the last two lines)

CHORUS:

The day is for pleasure, the night is for glee,
Come brother, come sister, trip lightly with me—
The day is for pleasure, the night is for glee,
Come brother, come sister, trip lightly with me.,
Trip lightly, trip lightly, trip lightly with me,
Trip lightly, trip lightly, trip lightly with me.

"Oh where are we going, sweet sister fay?"
To the turf that is greenest I hasten away.
Hark! Hark! the sweet music of elfland I hear,
The holly leaves rustle; we've startled a deer.
The rivulets gushing in coral caves
At intervals drip in the dark blue waves.
I've jewelled my hair, and I've spangled my wing
And I'm going to dance at the court of my king—

(Repeat, and add the chorus.)

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

PERSONAL HISTORY. By Vincent Sheean. *Doubleday, Doran.*

PROVENCE. By Ford Madox Ford. *Lippincott.*

THE AFRICAN QUEEN. By C. S. Forester. *Little, Brown.*

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Bookman Usurps Busman

A BOOK HUNTER'S HOLIDAY: Adventures With Books and Manuscripts. By A. S. W. Rosenbach. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $4.

A. EDWARD NEWTON not long since described Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach as one who was midway between his first childhood and his second. At this writing Dr. R. is rather in the full ripeness of his anecdotage, as "A Book Hunter's Holiday" proves more abundantly than did "Books and Bidders" nine years ago—and what a nonade in the booktrade!

The earlier compendium was the better book to the extent that it was the more definite sublimation of Dr. R.'s collecting and bookselling experience and philosophy—it almost had a plot. "A Book Hunter's Holiday" is a collection of nine detached (or, in some instances, semi-detached) papers concerned with sundry phases of the collecting panorama. And whether he is discussing "Letters That We Ought to Burn" (not we, Heaven forbid, but their originators), murder thrillers of early days, broadsides, women book-collectors, the libraries of the Presidents, almanacs, or Christmas books, he sweeps aside dust and cobwebs and endows his tremendous trifles with blood and vigor. Inspected under a glass case, "A Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors" (London, 1597) might induce only a bored glance. Dr. Rosenbach brings it to life, makes it seem important (as it is, for it offers the most detailed picture available of the London underworld of Shakespeare's day, and is known by only four copies), and makes it therefore desirable. How many more books might be sold if booksellers would get this elementary formula by heart! And not just old books.

The Compleat Collector begs leave here to interpose a pertinent digression concerning much of the reviewing that greets a book about book-collecting. Particularly below belt, it seems to him, is any attack on a book about books for intimating that a rarity costs money, whether a dime or a duke's ransom, as though dollars and cents were vulgarities contaminating only the old-book-trade—as though new books, like God, could be had for the asking. It seems to this reviewer that Dr. R. says too little about prices in "A Book Hunter's Holiday" rather than too much—frequently he notes the fact that such and such a treasure is now in the possession of this or that customer (portrait), but he fails to say what the customer paid for it. Certainly the anecdotes that concern his own experiences are liveliest when the full details are set forth. Thus, it appears that an ancestor of Dr. R. settled a tract of land in Centre County, Pennsylvania, and issued, in 1786, a broadside announcing the sale of certain parcels. Exploring a Harrisburg bookshop, Dr. R. came upon a copy of the identical broadside, which he had long wanted for sentimental reasons. The bookseller asked five hundred dollars, which Dr. R. declared to be too much. "Why, Doctor Rosenbach offered me four hundred and twenty-five dollars for it!" countered the bookseller. The customer was helpless in the face of such effrontery and paid. The broadside offered lots sixty by two hundred feet at six dollars each. Dr. R. could have bought seventy lots (as of 1786) for what it cost him to acquire the broadside.

A group of incidents like that make a highly readable book. That is precisely what "A Book Hunter's Holiday" is.

A True First at Last

The latest issue (Number 10) of the Huntington Library Bulletin contains an announcement of surpassing importance. The original manuscript of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography has long been one of the major treasures of this noble institution—the very manuscript which John Bigelow, then its owner, used in preparing his supposedly accurate and definitive edition of 1868. Dr. Max Ferrand, Director of Research at the Huntington, has been comparing the holograph with the Bigelow edition and has noted a sufficient number of misreadings, inaccuracies, and errors in transcription to rule it out of court as the last word. Accordingly the library staff is now engaged in preparing a scholarly edition which will collate and compare the Huntington draft (itself not definitive, for Franklin used it as the basis for two fair copies which have disappeared) with four published editions which have varying claims to authenticity—no one to full authenticity, but all to some. Thereafter a popular edition will be issued, based on this ultimate research, and the first great American classic will at last be available in a rendering approaching the author's original intentions.

Thus will be written another, perhaps the last, chapter in the history of a book whose full chronicle constitutes the most fantastic incident in the history of publishing. Published originally in a French translation (there was even a subsequent English translation of this version), the autobiography appeared in German and Swedish before an English edition was available two years later. A New York edition was published the following year (1794), and before 1801 a dozen other American communities from Montpelier to Wilmington had issued the text. Not until 1817 did Franklin's cautious grandson, William Temple Franklin, issue his own manhandled version, with "great guzzlers of beer" turned into "great drinkers of beer," "footed it to London" into "walked to London," and "stared like a pig poisoned" into "stared with astonishment."

Bigelow's shortcomings, though more abundant, included no such garblings as these. And whatever his faults, let it be to his eternal credit that he found the manuscript after one of the most assiduously prosecuted searches in collecting history, and did his moderate best to give the world an unbowdlerized text.

Eminent Victorians

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND THOMAS HUGHES. First Editions (With a Few Exceptions) in the Library at Dormy House, Pine Valley, New Jersey, Described With Notes by M. L. Parrish With the Assistance of Barbara Kelsey Maun. 150 Copies. London: Constable. 1936. 42s.

Mr. Parrish believes in thoroughness. In collecting Charles Kingsley he does not stop at "Westward Ho!," "Hypatia," and "The Water Babies"—he insists equally on "Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects" and "Hints to Stammerers." The "Tom Brown" duology is not, to Mr. Parrish, the be-all and end-all of Thomas Hughes—he sets high store by "The Old Church; What Shall We Do With It?" and "Vacation Rambles." It is this impulsion to completeness (a motivation with which this commentator is in heartiest accord) which makes it possible for Mr. Parrish to compound meticulously inclusive bibliographies without abandoning the delightful confines of his library at Dormy House. Elysium, said Emily Dickinson, is as far as to the very nearest room. To Mr. Parrish it is not so far.

Were anyone so bold as to question the possibility of translating into actuality this inclination toward omnivorousness, he would find the answer written unequivocally in the four brief appendices to the present compilation. Appendix I lists two pieces of Kingsleyana—one is Cardinal Newman's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," inspired by Kingsley's "What Then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?" Appendices II and III, with fine sportsmanship, list separate publications by Kingsley and Hughes which have thus far eluded Mr. Parrish (there are not many). Appendix IV, to forestall any possible confusion, lists the titles of the works of Thomas Hughes of Reading and of Thomas Hughes of Market Rasen.

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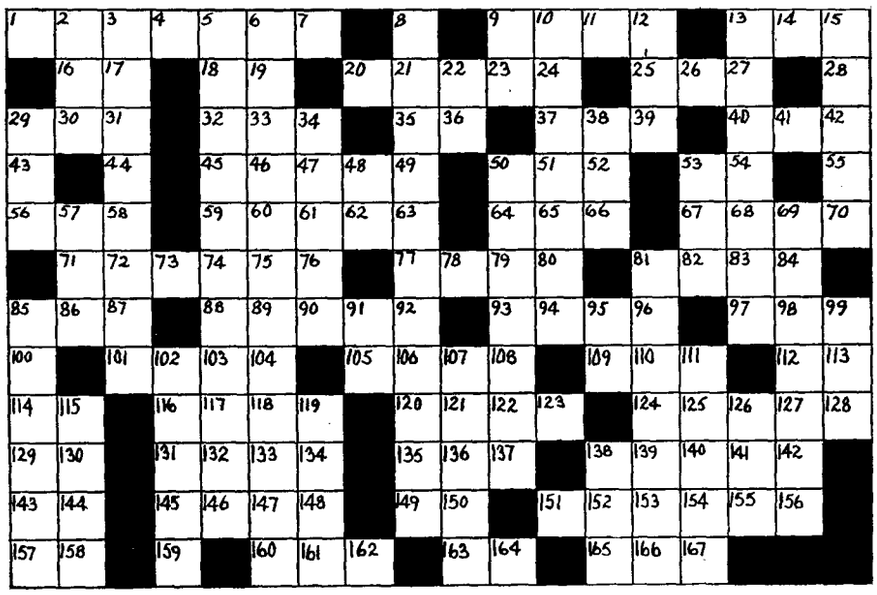
Double-Crostics: No. 146

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

☞ **N. B. From now on, translations of excerpts from works in foreign languages will be used occasionally.**

DEFINITIONS

I. Wailing.

II. Comfortably nice (colloq.) (comp.).

III. Selfhood.

IV. Opera by Puccini (2 wds.).

V. Character in "Cymbeline."

VI. Fabulous bird, symbol of immortality.

VII. Volatility.

VIII. Third series of wells dug by Isaac.

IX. Where the sacred festival to Ceres occurred (Gr.).

X. Rumored.

XI. English novelist (1819-1880).

XII. The bottomless pit (Bib.).

XIII. Injudicious.

XIV. Then.

XV. Apparent.

XVI. Book of maps.

XVII. Arbitrary.

XVIII. Tree of genus Quercus.

XIX. Rebuilder of Jerusalem (Bib.).

XX. Indispensable.

XXI. Bondage.

XXII. Pseudonym used by Swift.

XXIII. Rim.

XXIV. The select part.

WORDS

151 3 44 158 74 163 153 17 87 58

36 140 134 122 13 52 150 165 25

8 43 24 144 157 37 19

120 126 143 14 82 26 88 66

147 18 5 73 114 84

124 119 39 166 54 57 111

164 15 118 50 60 110 149 135

46 113 132 38 71 33 16 116

61 12 152 106 104 47 80

100 136 94 23 123 40

42 141 89 35 28

83 77 159 45 148 86 51

137 63 138 65 160 41

81 125 31 76 102 1 72 115 9

139 98 78 127 55

62 92 108 22 155

156 121 90 67 56 128 32 64 97 167

129 162 49

95 70 130 79 6 117 29 91

161 93 109 68 48 34 11 146 107

85 59 96 2

101 53 4 30 133 69 145 27 10 112 105

7 142 20 75

103 21 154 131 99

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 19*)

ful Cajin girl to widen her limited boundaries. It is a plot of no great proportions, unable to force its design upon the loose, sprawling materials that are enormously interesting in their own right. We remember best the Cajins' emotionalism, their fatalist courage, their warm-spirited, half-French talk, and, curiously, their youthful hardihood in contrast with the brittle fatigue of their purer-blooded landlords. It adds its point to the ominous prophecy on the last page of Faulkner's "Absalom, Absalom!"

N. L. R.

UNDER ONE ROOF. Ruth Eleanor McKee. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

The action of Miss McKee's novel takes place within the twenty-four hours of one Thanksgiving day. She lifts a curtain, shows us an American family gathered "under one roof" for the holiday, gives us intimate knowledge of each member, lets the curtain fall. A quiet house in a California suburb seethes with the pent-up emotion of the McKelveys.

It is a bitter picture of family life that Miss McKee draws, sharpened with an acid truth. Eight people thrown too closely together in one small house, loathing one another because of the mere crowding of their souls and bodies, fill the brief space of their reunion with undercurrents of conflicting egoism. Beneath the surface of family squabbling and stifled irritability, each separate life spins in a whirlpool of its own. The story is an intricate chart of conflict, from the small matters of taste that divide two sisters, to the vast differences of point of view that separate Mr. McKelvey, with his Scotch Presbyterianism, his violent repressions, and his violent outbreaks, from his twentieth century children.

The novel is planned and rounded out with great skill, and it is impossible not to be interested in the interwoven personalities of the McKelveys. Miss McKee's relentless presentation of this average, but vividly unpleasant, family is accomplished with very few costumes or stage settings; there is not one word of formal description in the book. The characters become clear to us through dialogue and the ever-moving shuttles of their thoughts.

C. C.

Travel

SKYWAYS TO A JUNGLE LABORATORY. By Grace Crile. Norton. 1936. $2.75.

Mrs. Crile, wife of Dr. George W. Crile of international fame, opens her account of their latest research journey to Africa in London and carries the reader by plane south to Kenya and Tanganyika territories where a research laboratory was established in the jungle. Not the least interesting portion of her book is the description of the flight across Africa which those especially who have travelled over the same territory on foot and by boat are certain to find of interest. By presenting her chronicle in the form of a daily journal, Mrs. Crile has secured for it a pleasing reality of background. Her descrip-

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tion of day-to-day and the tedious task of dissection and scientific recording makes better reading than the average hunting yarn. Also her observations on the native are distinctly worthy of note.

The only fault we can find in the book is one for which the author is in no way responsible. This reviewer has seen many of Mr. Arthur Fuller's original photographs of the Crile expedition and as an animal and nature photographer, we deem him without peer. Unfortunately the photographs are poorly reproduced, which is a pity even though it in no way detracts from the story itself.

J. W. F.

Brief Mention

A few country books deserve especial attention. David Grayson, who is known in his capacity as a historian as Ray Stannard Baker, has written a series of "adventures" in contentment, friendship, understanding, etc. *The Countryman's Year* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) continues this series of quiet reflection and observation. It is a diary of country life, somewhat philosophized, and with studies of Massachusetts men and minds much in the manner of Thoreau. If it has less pungency than Thoreau's *Journal* it does not lack genuine charm and authentic observation. * * * *October Farm*, by William Brewster, edited by Smith O. Dexter (Harvard University Press, $2.50) is also a journal, kept by the ornithologist William Brewster as a record of birds, animals, and country adventure on his farm in Concord from 1891 to 1916. This is a specialist's diary. Mr. Grayson's may be described as a country philosopher's. * * * Another journal is *The Diary of Selma Lagerlöf* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a twelve weeks' record of a young girl's emotions and contacts, her first experiences with love and her naive reactions. It might be called "The Making of a Novelist." * * * In view of the forthcoming Life of Alexander Pushkin, let us note the Random House edition of his works selected and edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky ($3.50). * * * Those who write or wish to write may find useful *The Writer's Handbook*, edited by Samuel G. Houghton assisted by Udia G. Olsen (Boston: The Writer, $3.50). While there is plenty of hardboiled advice for the money maker, this book has a wider range, more criticism, and better ideals than are usually to be found in handbooks of this kind. * * * Useful perhaps as a reference book is *Plays About the Theatre in England: From the "Rehearsal" of 1671 to the License Act in 1737*, by Dane Farnsworth Smith (Oxford, $4). This is essentially a digest and dissection of the plays.

A useful check-list of garden information arranged month by month throughout the year is *The Garden Calendar* by Cecile Hulse Matschat (Houghton Mifflin, $1). The little book is particularly rich in specific suggestions as to plants to be used. * * * A useful, timely book is J. M. Bennett's *Roadsides: The Front Yard of the Nation* (Stratford Company, Boston, $3). Mr. Bennett has sensible things to say upon roadside signs, how to use, and how to persuade people to disuse, them. He is very good also on shrubs and trees

(*Continued on next page*)

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

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DEPRAVED oldtime readers, collectors, "dime novels" write Deadwood Dick, Bath Beach, Box 33, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOVERS OF PERFECT COFFEE—connoisseur's blend; rich, winey aroma; mellow, full-bodied, amber-clear. Bean or any grind. Not sold in stores. Send 10c for ¼ lb. sample. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

BROOKLYN RESIDENT to sell memberships, educational institution. Commission paid. Box 734-B.

ENGLISH ÆSTHETE 25, New in New York from Mexico, would like to meet congenial, male, Fellow-Dreamer. Box 736-B.

ITALY INTERESTS YOU? Then communicate with Italian Literary League, 45 West 45th St.

STANFORD'S Dr. Henry David Gray who, according to Dr. Gray, "specializes in Shakespeare," announces another Shakespeare signature. "This is beautifully written by a young man. Signatures already accepted are the uncertain scribbles of an aged man." (He died at 52.) One is reminded of Napoleon's two skulls in the Museum. The smaller, of Napoleon when young; the other, when Napoleon was older. George Frisbee.

SITUATION WANTED. Companion, housekeeper, New Englander, educated, refined, experienced, exceptional cook, wishes charge motherless household where efficiency and loyalty will return harmonious home, reasonable salary. References exchanged. Box 564-B.

BOOK MANUSCRIPT for sale, excellent, powerful material, needs professional editing. Novel of disintegration, hopeful future. C. T. H. 4 West Cedar Street, Boston.

LOVE LETTERS OF HENRY VIII—just published, beautiful format, collector's item, circular free—Trovillion Private Press, Herrin, Illinois.

KATIE would be tamed by Petruchio, doubts if modern times produces him. Sophisticatee.

YOUNG WRITERS! Magazine will consider 1500-word stories, sketches or articles on subjects of metropolitan interest. Box 737-B.

GENTLEMAN wishes share apartment or rent room with person or persons of culture. Please state details. Box 738-B.

NEW YORKER, early twenties, desires correspondence with literary female geographically, chronologically akin. Box 739-B.

ADAPTABLE MUSICIAN, an experienced teacher, holder of California Secondary certificate, male, single, 33, seeks position which will utilize extensive preparation and background in piano, chorus, band, orchestra. The position which is preferred requires permanence, quality and durability. Box 740-B.

OHIO legal stenographer, capable managing stenographic department, desires secure position New York. Box 741-B.

PERSONAL BOOKPLATES desired. Will give mine in exchange. Box 742-B.

WANTED by decorator for January, February, perhaps longer, sunny one-room apartment well furnished; fireplace. Manhattan. References. Box 744-B.

CONSERVATIVE Protestant man, 25, Washington January 1st, desires apartment with others. Box 743-B.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. begins MCMXXXVII in good humor. He is smoking his annual cigar, and has brewed himself a jorum of Kattegat punch which he remembers was Hans Christian Andersen's favorite drink. At holiday times Q.'s Danish blood makes itself felt; he hankers for distant scenes. ☞The actual stroke of New Year's, for instance, found him at Meyer's genial old hotel in Hoboken; where he was grieved to find modernizations beginning; but they promised him they wouldn't take the brass treads off the stairs. ☞Those who, like Q., deplore to see changes in good old hotels should read Belloc's essay on Inns. ☞Not to read Belloc's essays while young is to miss much: we were delighted to find Maurice Baring uttering some sturdy praise of Belloc in *Have You Anything to Declare?* ☞This is "A Notebook with Commentaries" shortly to be published by Alfred Knopf; a perfectly delicious book for the epicure of fine flavors. ☞Baring, by the way, in this portmanteau of literary luggage quotes delightfully from John Oliver Hobbes and thinks "a time will come when some modern will have the great fun of rediscovering her." ☞People will be surprised at her wit, he says, and proves it excellently by iridescent extracts. For instance of the death of "Lord Middlehurst":—

> He did not speak again till just before he died, when he kissed his wife's hand with a singular tenderness, and called her Elizabeth. She had been christened Augusta Frederica, but then, as the doctors explained, dying men often make these mistakes.

☞We shouldn't mention Maurice Baring's book as we believe it isn't out yet, but if you care for genuine *premier cru* it would be sagacious to place an order with your bookseller.

☞Another New Year ritual was to go down town to Frankfort Street to have Oysters Bourguignonne at André's restaurant, the kind of place that has never been spoiled by pantywaist patronage and never will be. The blue of City Hall Park at dusk, succeeding an afternoon of those stuffed oysters and chicken Monte Carlo and an Alsatian apple pancake and whatever else seems appropriate —and just time to stop in at Mendoza's bookshop on Ann Street where we found Mallock's *New Republic,* a book we've meant to read ever since that highbrow magazine was founded (about 1915?). ☞We had no sooner started to read the tale (got a good chuckle on page 28; it's the Scribner & Welford edition, 1878) than we happened on a catalogue from J. and E. Bumpus (477 Oxford Street, London) offering for 10 bob an autograph letter from Mallock, saying "No, I don't want Xmas wishes. I too wish you well, but don't know a sufficiently unsectarian way to tell you so." ☞While all The Boys were in town, a social event took place of much interest to the Trade. Mr. Edward J. Cullen, treasurer of Harper and Brothers and fifty years with the firm, was given a dinner by his colleagues at the George Washington Hotel (December 29). A dinner to a Treasurer is always a field day for the wags. Mr. Cullen, famous for his liberality as chancellor of that ancient house, was the good-humored target for affectionate ribbing. All the department heads addressed impassioned canzoni to him—the witty verses of which are imputed to Frederick L. Allen. Messrs. Adam Burger (Sales Manager), Frank Macgregor (Text Book Editor), Eugene Saxton (Trade Book Editor) and Lee Hartman (Editor, Harpers' Magazine) uttered the following jocular appeals—which, for purposes of merriment, the despotic Treasurer was supposed to overrule. Our Secret Agent came back with the words—which those outside the Trade itself must not take too seriously:—

Mr. Burger:—

Mr. Cullen, *must* our salesmen stay at second-rate hotels?
They'd be happy boys if it were not for you.
Now in Washington the Shoreham is a place of great decorum
In Chicago, Mr. Saxton much prefers to use the Blackstone.
Can't we sell "Eyeless in Gaza" from the Boston Copley Plaza?
And won't you please OK a taxi-ride or two?
Chorus: Says Eddie Cullen, NO!

Mr. Macgregor:—

Mr. Cullen, when my salesmen go to visit college towns
They have urgent need of large expense-accounts
On the entertainment item you are doing wrong to fight 'em
Serving drinks to the professors is the way to win their "yessirs"
We aren't entertaining floozies, these are men in Whosis Whosis
And your attitude I frankly must denounce.
Chorus: Says Eddie Cullen, NO!

Mr. Saxton:—

Eddie, all our novelists are shouting for advances,
Our historians are clamoring for cash.
Do they get it? They do not. Eddie, I am on the spot.
I can wheedle them and dine them, I can woo them, I can wine them
But it makes our authors sullen when I can't get cash from Cullen
And with dark and angry faces they go off to Harcourt, Brace's.
Eddie, Have a heart! I won't be rash.
Chorus: Says Eddie Cullen, NO!

Hartman:—

Eddie, don't you ever read, in Harper's Magazine,
What the up-to-date economists are saying?
They have argued to redundance on the sharing of abundance,
They have said that it is spending that has caused depression's ending.
Eddie, Eddie, I beseech, let me practise what they preach!
Let me pay these authors more than I am paying!
Chorus: Says Eddie Cullen, NO!

☞We wanted to take some travelling men (they've all been in town for their annual sales conferences) out to enjoy a book prowl, but all were too busy transferring telephone numbers from their 1936 memo books to the 1937 ditto. This may take an experienced traveller half a day. ☞So we fell back on thinking what would be good reading for the New Year. The Eve of St. Agnes coming (20th) would be the date to read Keats. ☞Did you ever try Saki, Max Beerbohm, and Trivia, for reading aloud on a stormy night, with the right auditors? ☞And it's now just 15 years since that great book *Disenchantment* (by C. E. Montague) was published. It's been o. p. long enough to make it rather fun to look for. ☞Ourself, always a bit tardy, have been enjoying what was certainly one of the most exquisite books of 1936, viz. Walter de la Mare's *Poems 1919-1934,* published (and very quietly) by Henry Holt. The one reader, here and there, who will be thrilled to the marrow by de la Mare weighs heavier (Troy weight) than ten thousand hoplites trudging after Xenophons.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

for wayside planting. The book contains a useful bibliography. A very interesting and very valuable book for lovers of flowers is Margaret Preininger's *Japanese Flower Arrangement for Modern Homes* (Little, Brown & Co.). This is no impressionistic book nor merely the useful ideas of an amateur. Miss Preininger has lived in Japan and her book contains a history of Japanese flower arrangement, a study of fundamental principles, simply but elaborately discussed, with designs and illustrations. Also there is a series of very beautiful photographs of flower designs.

The Americana shelf has been filling up. Wells Drury's *An Editor on the Comstock Lode* (Farrar & Rinehart, $3) is a welcome addition to Washoe literature. Drury had little of the talent or even of the gusto that Dan DeQuille, Joe Goodman, and C. C. Goodwin had, and his book is pedestrian in style and exasperatingly without arrangement. Nevertheless it is packed with first-rate anecdotes and occasionally rises to the value of a primary source. It provides some interesting sidelights on Flood, Fair, Mackay, and Jones, but in general is less valuable on the nabobs than on such secondary characters as Zinc Barnes, about many of whom it presents much new material.

Maurice S. Sullivan's *Jedediah Smith* (Press of the Pioneers, $3.75) is a must item for all students of the Far West. Though occasionally sentimental in style, it is a rigidly scholarly treatment of the first great fur-partisan of the Rocky Mountain region, one of our greatest trail-breakers and, hitherto, one of the least satisfactorily studied. It is fully up to the standard set by Dale's classic *Ashley-Smith Explorations.*

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